CHICAGO LEDGER

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by VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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IN DEADLY PERIL

By Florence L. Henderson

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I WAS sorry, indeed, when Luigi Marevelli curtly informed me that my services were no longer required, and I hoped that someone else in that strange home that had been my abode for two months was also regretful. This was Miss Naomi Sterling.

She acted otherwise; in fact, distant, and I fancied an expression of distinct censure in her beautiful face. At all events no opportunity was afforded me to fathom or explain. Her employer and my own had coldly handed me an envelope containing, I knew, my week's salary, with the words:

"You can go at once."

And he added, a darkly suspicious and resentful look in his ever-restless, ever-probing eyes:

"And you need not refer to me."

Miss Sterling, who was the reading companion of his invalid wife, stood nearby as he spoke. She had directed a searching look at me. Then she dropped her eyes. I saw a tear fall. Then, there being nothing more to say, I bowed politely and left the room and the house.

I need not have been surprised, and the action of Marevelli, for he was ever an eccentric, eccentric old man. He was of Italian-French extraction, had inherited a fortune and had given his life to study along artistic and scientific lines. He had whole cabinets stored with curios, and a magnificent library. I had come to know my employer and the general atmosphere of the dull old house were gloomy and unfriendly alike. Only Naomi was light and congenial, however, and then again I was occasionally thrown into the company of Miss Sterling.

I cannot describe the rare dream of grace and beauty that drew me under the influence of this peerless creature. She was mostly in the rooms of the invalid mistress, and there was little opportunity for more than a casual greeting, or a few words exchanged at the table. There was the walled garden, however, and I managed to stroll there whenever I could, and admire among the flowers and shrubs.

Then I spent a delightful half-hour with her. I left on those occasions fully impressed with the hope, nay, the conviction, that she read my love for her clearly. A thrilling emotion came as she had betrayed had given me hope. One day she gave me a rose from her bosom and blushed as she did so. Shortly after I determined upon a confession of love the next evening, but before that day was over I was summarily dismissed from the service of Marevelli, as I have told you.

I had only a small amount of money at my command and my first idea was of going East, where I had business friends. That night, however, I deferred me. While her latest action had clearly repelled me, yet I could not readily forget her. As I left the Marevelli mansion I tried to fathom the cause of the drastic action of its owner. Suddenly secret, arousing him impelling motive of his behavior; but why in my case? I was aware that he had been the victim, as a matter of wealth, of that mysterious league of villains known as the "Black Band." I had seen their letters, menacing him, demanding a large amount of money as blackmail, or his life. Outside of the usual world motive of revenge or gain of these schemers, I had heard that Marevelli was especially detested by them, and was marked for death by league on account of some political differences reaching back to his former career in Italy.

Always on guard against those malevolent plotters, generally viewing them with contempt instead of fear, was it possible that Marevelli suspected me as a possible spy in their interest? Further, was it probable that he had imparted these suspicions to his wife, who in turn had communicated them to Naomi?

I dwelt strongly, mentally, on this phase of the situation. Several times during the ensuing week I hovered about the Marevelli place. I caught sight of Naomi only once. She was in the garden. I lifted my hat. She bowed in return, sadly, I thought, and went into the house. I was aggrieved, disappointed; but at least she did not betoken her former indifference.

I had just finished a promenade past the house one evening when a sinister-faced man of foreign cast swung into step by my side. He was specious and insinuating in his address. After dwelling upon a few indifferent, everyday comments, he eyed me keenly.

"Hist! I better say something in my mind I had to speak!" he inquired, craftily.

"Why not?" I submitted.

"Very well. I know who you are—Adrian Noble, recently the victim of a whim of the hard tyrant in yonder, Luigi Marevelli."

"I was his secretary only, yes," I admitted.

"You cannot feel very kindly toward him. If I should tell you that the slipping in the hand of a vast political conspiracy in which Marevelli is involved is our object, and a thousand dollars cash will be yours for a trifle of co-operation, would you say?"

I had my clue in an instant. I feigned the resentment toward my employer which the stranger sought to fan into a flame of rancor and vengeance. A long story short, I pretended blindly to accord with the desires of the self-styled spy.

What he wanted of me was a practical use of the intimate knowledge I had of the interior of the Marevelli home and the ways of its inmates. There were certain papers in the library he wished to secure, they represented. A burglarious entrance was necessary. I feigned interest and willing execution in the plans, expecting, sooner or later, to learn the full extent of their motives until the critical moment arrived for acting upon the same when they least expected it.

Thus it was that one night I found myself with the right hand of the Marevelli home. I had not intended to allow affairs to go so far without warning Marevelli, but in this I was to do that now. One of the men left us in the cellar and ascended into the upper portion of the house, returning speedily, waving a package of papers.

"Safe!" he announced, in malevolent triumph. "Now for the—"

One of his confreres had carried an oblong box all the time. He opened it and, from the interior, produced a long, long fuse attached. I discerned their design to destroy the house and all within it by dynamite.

I was then that I resisted, to be downed by the trio. I was knocked senseless. The three men fled before I had recovered; but, not five feet away, was a sputtering fuse, steadily eating its way to the deadly explosive. My hands and feet were both tied.

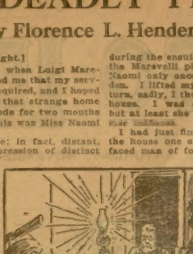
First, I writhed; then I shouted; then I rolled. It was no easy task to make a final lunge which landed me directly across the fuse, two feet away from its blazing, deadly end. My teeth closed over it. I bit, chewed. Success! It was severed.

Almost immediately someone came down the stairs from above, holding a lamp. It was Mr. Marevelli. I had, it seemed, but shouted and rolled in the cellar in the glare of the electric light meter, thus plunging the house into darkness. Marevelli descended to the cellar to learn the cause of the sudden darkness.

He needed only my simple story and my agreement to conspire with me. My description of the men fully advised him of enemies who had threatened him with death time and again, and who, after securing papers that incriminated them in past criminality, had started the execution of brutal revenge.

The men were under lock and bar within twenty-four hours. Before that space of time had elapsed I was a boon in the eyes of Marevelli, who had previously suspected me as an emissary of the plotters.

And Naomi? I was basking anew in the sunlight of her loving smiles!



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The Outlaw and a Woman's Honor

By Mollie Frank Ellis

A woman's honor and an outlaw's self-sacrifice play important roles in Long Horn Riley's neglect of official duty. Read more about Long Horn in another story.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

UNCLE JAKE CANNON, ex-sheriff of Yavapia County, stared with misty eyes at the golden spurs in his hand.

"I've always thought a heap of the boys here in Cactus," he said, huskily, "but I never knew they was that fond of me. Gold spurs! And now I've got to hang 'em over the mantel, I reckon, and sit and look at 'em while you fellers are out after the bad men. Never mind—I've had my day! You tell the boys I thank 'em more than I can say in words. Nellie and I won't forget it, will we, Nellie?"

His little, gray-haired wife wiped the tears from her eyes and smiled tremulously. "Please thank the men for me, too; and Jake and I were awful glad when you were elected sheriff, Jimmy," she continued. "It was my fault that Jake resigned."

"'Twas not!" broke in the old man sturdily. "I've always wanted to be out of the ordinary, so on my seventieth birthday I happened to think, suddenlike, that a sheriff of old Yavapia who lies in his bed is sure the most extraordinary thing anybody ever heard of, and I've been mighty happy here and there, and immediate and at once! But I never thought the boys would take it so hard," he finished, wistfully.

The young sheriff smiled, but there was a hint of appeal in his voice when he spoke. "It's no easy job to be sheriff of Yavapia at any time, Uncle Jake, but it's sure hard on a fellow to have to step into your shoes. I'm going to need all the advice you can give me."

"It's yours for the askin', Jimmy," replied Uncle Jake simply. "I ain't likely to forget that there ambition of mine about dyin' in my bed would have winked out mighty sudden that day we brought in them hawse thieves if it hadn't been for you."

"And I won't forget that either, Jimmy," said Mrs. Cannon softly.

Young Stratton blushed a vivid red. "Oh, now, I say, Aunt Nellie——" he began in alarm, and looked about as if hunting a way of escape. He could face danger imperturbably, but his modesty took fright at any expression of gratitude.

Uncle Jake's eyes twinkled and he hastened to relieve his guest's embarrassment.

"Didn't I see you walkin' out last night with a mighty purty gal, son?"

Jimmy's face deepened, but he drew a sigh of relief. He turned to Mrs. Cannon with simulated wrath. "Isn't it all right for a man to go walking once in a while for his health?" he demanded.

Uncle Jake ignored the question and continued: "If there's one thing that taughten up my mean man anything else it's a woman! And the man whose affairs she tangles crookedwise the most is a sheriff! Never you 'em alone, my boy—unless you can get one like Nellie here, and they're scarce. I once saw a sheriff break his oath of office because of a woman, and he was the biggest, finest, whitest white man I ever knew. I saw another man risk his life at the very same time and for the very same woman, and he was the most hardened desperado I ever ran up against—and that's goin' some! Did I ever tell you about the time we chased Red Gibbs thru Cactus Ridge when I was servin' as deputy for Sheriff Bill Riley?"

"No, Uncle Jake," grinned the young sheriff eagerly, as he seated himself against the veranda post next to the freshly blooming honeysuckle vine and looked up, boyishly expectant.

Long Horn was a young man then—everything and everybody was young in them days! Gold mining was good and a man either made his pile and got away or got his dose of cold lead, and got under the sod before he was forty-five.

Long Horn—they called him that because he'd been a cattle ranger before he drifted out Cactus way—was in love with old Copper King Perkins' daughter Sallie and they was to be married in the fall. Sallie was the prettiest thing you ever saw, but she was some sassy and give to teasin' Long Horn considerable.

Well, one day a feller wearin' eyeglasses with a black ribbon tied to 'em to hold 'em on and two little toothpicks of hair on his upper lip dropped off the train from the East. He said he was a painter and he'd brought along a lot of figgin' to prove it. He looked sissy enough to be most anything, so I never thought no more about him till one day I happened to see him when he didn't know anybody was round. He had off his shirt and his eyeglasses, and his muscles and his bad eyes didn't look like no painter's to me. And looked at the bullet head. I'd a bet a dollar he was a crook, right then and without seein' any more; but in a minute, after peerin' all round to see if anybody was lookin', he lifted off them toothpicks of black hair and washed his face. That settled it for me! I went to Long Horn immediate.

"We've got a new bad man among us," I says, and told him all about it.

"I knowed it from the first—just by lookin' at him," announces Long Horn. "But I reckon they ain't nothin' I can do unless he gets into real mischief."

He shifted his eyes away from me and turned red. I knowed what was the matter. His hands was tied and Sallie Perkins was the one who had tied 'em. Seems that when Toothpicks first come he told it about that he wanted to study our desert sunsets, but after a day or so he acted like he didn't want to study nothin' except Sallie Perkins. Sallie never paid much attention to him at first, except to laugh, and I reckon nothin' would have come of it if Long Horn hadn't made the mistake of showin' her he was worried about it. Of course she lit into flirtin' with Toothpicks, then, for all there was in it; and so, with the whole town grinnin', Long Horn couldn't watch the scenery like he otherwise would, for fear folks should think he was jealous.

Now, nobody can make me believe but what that there Toothpicks was up to some devilment, and that it would have come out in time as certain as anything if he hadn't been stopped off sudden like, as he was; but Cactus was full of bad men just then, and Long Horn and me didn't have any time to waste worryin' over what might happen when most generally something was happenin' every day. We was busier that usual, too, that week, owing to the fact that Red Gibbs from over at the Calahochie mines had decided to have his monthly pay-day spree in Cactus instead of at Creegan's saloon in Beaver Tanks, where he most generally spent his holidays. Gibbs wasn't an easy man to get along with at best, and when he was full up on "red-eye" folks walked most careful where he was round, for when he was real drunk he was so polite it made your heart beat uneasy for fear you might forget your manners. He was one of them big, silent kind of men, with pale blue eyes and a bush of red whiskers that spells trouble to any sheriff who has been in the business long enough to read signs. Long Horn was anxious about Red, and so was Ed Hogan, who ran the High Light saloon, which last Red had picked on as worthy of his patronage. Long Horn, after a conference with Hogan, says to me that one or the other of us must keep watch on Red all the time he's in town.

Well, the third day of it I sauntered into the saloon about noon to relieve Long Horn, who'd been there all morning. Long Horn got up without a word and passed out, but just before the swinging door closed he give me the sign and I followed him.

"Something's going to happen there before night," he says. "Red's got it in his head that Short Saunders ain't treated him polite because Short has got to the point where he's drunk enough to begin countin' the notches on his gun. Wish they'd both shoot straight and at the same time; 'twould save a lot of trouble. They won't, tho, for Short is plumb slow with his gun. I wouldn't care much if Red did get him—he's the sneakiest skunk in Dry Valley—if it wasn't for us havin' to get Red. You keep your eye out while I go to lunch and do a little errand."

He turned the color of a brick and looked away. I laughed.

"Give Sallie my regards," I says, and then I went into the saloon.

It wasn't more than thirty minutes till Long Horn was back.

"What's the matter?" I asks, soon as I seen his face.

"All quiet here?" he whispers.

"Short's got another notch done, and Red's got so plumb polite he won't let Ed bring his drinker over to his table, but goes and gets 'em himself—which ain't made Ed any more comfortable. He was busy when I come in with the minute ago and forgot to bow and say thank you to Red, and I 'lowed things had come to the time; but seems God has got Short on his mind and so he only scowled at Ed, and went on back to his table. Otherwise, things is easy."

"All right, then," answers Long Horn. "Come on out with me to my room. I want to ask you what to do about Sallie and that painter. I went over to see her a minute ago and old Copper King says she's out with that man—been gone since morning and ain't to come back till after supper, because Toothpicks wanted to study one of our dad-blamed desert sunsets from the Ridge. Them ain't exactly the old man's words, but he was plumb put out about it. Now, I don't mind Sallie's havin' her fun with me," he continues, his face grim, "but I've told her, Jake, that that man wasn't the right kind for a girl to be out alone with. I tell you, I don't like it much better than her dad does. What you think I'd better do?"

"What did she say when you told her that?" I questions, fencin' for time.

"Just laughed at me," answers Long Horn, settin' his jaws.

"Well," I replies, as we went up the stairs to his room, which was over the

Long Horn Turned to Red, and His Face Was Not Good to See.

postoffice, "I don't see as you can do anything just now, but if it was me, I'd sure get my foot down when she comes back."

"If I only thought she was teasing me——" begins Long Horn again, and stopped short. All of a sudden a noise like the Fourth of July let loose back there toward the High Light saloon. Long Horn whirled around with a cuss word.

"We've been stirring that pot for three days," he snaps, "and of course the minute we turn our backs she spills over! Come on!"

Well, when we got there the goose was cooked. Short was dead and Red was gone.

"Took Doc Ringo's roan that was standin' out in front of the Lucky Strike and went thataway," says Ed Hogan, mopping his face. "Lord! I'm glad it's over!"

By the time Long Horn and me got into the saddle Red was 'way out across the desert, headin' for Cactus Ridge and the short cut that runs thru the sand hills to the Mexican border.

"Nothing but an accident can stop him now," groans Long Horn. "We can't catch him—Doc bought that roan he's on so as to be able to outrun any stock that ever left in Dry Valley, and he's the fastest thing on four legs hereabouts."

"He's drunk," I says. "Maybe he'll trip himself, sometime."

"He won't be drunk long," answers Long Horn. "There ain't nothing that sobers a man like bein' scairder than and tryin' to get away with it."

Whether that was it or not, leastways Red rode straight ahead and he didn't waste any time lookin' over his shoulder, but we knew from his nag's pace that he was aware of our presence behind him. When he struck the Ridge and disappeared up the narrow trail, I says to Long Horn, "We might as well go home. It's all over but the shoutin'."

Long Horn's jaw set hard. "I'm sheriff of this here county——" he begins; then he bit off his words, sharp. Right in front of us, from them hills, a gun barked, savage and quick. We went up that trail like we'd been shot out of a cannon!

Well, being deputy sheriff of Yavapia had taught me to keep my head in almost any time, but what I saw when we rounded them rocks took my breath away: Red Gibbs was holdin' Sallie Perkins in his arms, and a few feet away Toothpicks was sprawled out on the sands dead! Red was trying to force water down the girl's throat, holdin' his canteen in one hand and liftin' her head with the other. Her pretty brown hair was down about her shoulders and one sleeve of her dress was torn. Red dropped his canteen and threw that hand above his head as we tore up. The girl clutched at his arm, than sank, sobbing, on the sands.

"Tend to the girl first," snarls Red. "I'll stand without hitchin'."

I covered him with my gun, while Long Horn stepped on his stirrup beside the girl. "What is it, Sallie?" he says, his voice shakin' with horror. "Is it Red he's——"

"Oh!" she sobs. "Oh, oh, oh!" over and over again, in a way it made a man's heart sick to hear.

Long Horn turned to Red, and his face was not good to see.

"Speak up!" he gritted thru his teeth.

Red looked him straight in the eye. "Go on with the shootin', and be durned to you!" he sneers; and I knew he'd never have forgot his manners like that if he'd been drunk. There wasn't a soberer man in Dry Valley than Red looked just then.

Long Horn got up slowlike. The muscles stood out on his throat and his face was livid. He took a step forward.

"Talk up!" he says in a hoarse whisper.

Red looked at the girl and at the dead man; then he folded his arms and folded 'em across his breast. "It's the gal's story," he replies, very quiet. "If she wants to tell it, she can tell it."

Sallie made a little rush over to his side. "Oh, Billy!" she cries" to Long Horn. "You couldn't think—you couldn't not! He helped me! That man over there," she pointed to where Toothpicks lay all crumpled up, "he made love to me, and when I told him I didn't care for him and was going to marry you, he spoke to me roughly and held me in his arms against my will and kissed me, and he hurt me. He pulled my hair all down and tore my dress—oh, Billy!"

She clung to Long Horn's arms, sobbing them same little breaths of terror. Long Horn went white as a rag. He put her gently aside and walked up to Red.

"Jake," he says to me, but lookin' straight at Red, "when I count ten you are to draw and fire at Red Gibbs, you know I'm a man of my word —and I meant every one of those I just said. I've got to know what happened, and you'll have to tell me because she—can't! One—two——"

Mechanically, Red put up his hands again. "Aw, h—l!" he snarls. "I stayed because I wasn't in no hurry, and because I liked the climate, and a lot of little things like that. Ain't your pony got his leg over his bridle rein, Miss Sallie?"

Sallie stumbled off, crying, to where her pony stood, and Red lowered his voice and spoke to me. "Jake, you realize, sheriff! She just thought he was rough, but I seen his eyes and I knew. I didn't want her to find out the truth. Besides, I give him his chance. I told him to throw up his hands, but he drew on me instead. I was a mite the quickest with my gun; that's all."

Long Horn looked at him a whole minute without speaking.

"You stayed because you liked the climate," he says at last. "Of course you didn't know that Jake and me was just two jumps behind you all the time; and you didn't reckon that, as you had the fastest horse, then two jumps meant the border and freedom for you! Oh, no. Or you didn't happen to be one of them white kind of cusses who would risk his life to save a woman's honor, neither, not! You stayed because you liked the climate! Well, you're right, Gibbs. Barring a little lead, there ain't no finer, and you don't reckon that, as you had the too hot a sun, and some scarcity of rain, this here is a great climate!"

Red just stared at him like he thought he'd gone plumb loco. Long Horn looked down at Toothpicks, and then at Sallie leanin' against her pony with her arms folded in her dress sleeves and her head in her mane. Nobody breathed—at least I didn't. At last, when I thought Long Horn had forgot Red was on the landscape, he says, suddenlike:

"Never told you, did I, Jake, about my eyes bothering me, did I?"

"Nope," I answers, surprised.

"They're awful bad," he goes on, squintin' up them blue lookers of his. "Been that way for years. Just certain times, only, but when them days comes I'm a man to be shy of, right away from it. I couldn't tell which way he was goin' to save my neck. Like as not, if I was after him, I'd head in the wrong direction. Never can tell, either, when the plaguey spells are comin' on. I was all right this morning, and now I can't hardly see him at all, standin' there."

He looked at me, appealing. "You'd ought to be glad if you've got good eyes, Jake," he says.

I looked at Red. He was standin' with his mouth open, gapin' like a fish. It didn't take long for to make up my mind, rememberin' all Long Horn had done for me, and seein' Sallie's little tear-streaked face.

"I reckon I ought to be glad—if I had 'em," I replies, flippant-like, "but you ain't the only feller that has eye trouble. Why, I never could see but a little ways ahead of my nose. I never said nothin' about it, thru fear I'd lose my job."

Long Horn reached out his hand, and I gripped it. One long look passed between him and Red; then Long Horn turned his back, and walked away to Sallie and the pony.

Red, he give just one jump, and was on Doc's roan before anybody, even with good eyes, could have seen him. He'd disappeared before I knowed it, because, honest, I couldn't see a thing then, till I'd wiped my eyes on the back of my hand.

"It'll cost me a month's wages to replace that roan for Doc," says Long Horn, grinnin' a mite queer-like as he obliged us, but I'm like Doc." He turned red as a beet and stooped to brush Sallie's skirts, and I says good-by to them babies comes to Dry Valley anyhow, and the least we can do is to try our best to pursuade 'em to become come to stay.

Ain't that right, Jake?"

Well, by the time we'd got back to Cactus, Long Horn had his story all mapped out. He laid it pretty thick on Gibbs—tellin' how the brave Toothpicks had got his for tryin' to stop Red, and how before it could have been time before it would have been wise in Red to show his face in Cactus, Red's eyes would have growed anyhow, so we had 'er on thick. Doc wondered for a year where the packages of eye-lotion and the letters to his office table, with a note sayin' to buy a horse faster than the roan, Sallie and Long Horn signed their full name, got married, but went next day over to the Squire and had the knot tied; and before Doc got over bein' wounded about it, why, he was over he had to use that new filly huntin' out to Long Horn's.

Long Horn and the never said anything to each other about our eye troubles, but I hope I won't ever have to be, but I'll sure sacrifice in the performance of his duty look that way again. That's why I'm warning you against the Jim Jones. Jim Jones's methods can manage to get along with 'em purty well—if he gets the right kind, but they're mighty hard on a sheriff.

Beginning a Serial That Abounds in All the Things That Make a Good Story

The Bride of Golden Mountain

By Victor Rousseau

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CHAPTER I.

AS I SAT on a bench in Madison Square after half past eleven in the evening, at the end of one of those mild days that sometimes occur in New York even at the beginning of December, a dog came trotting up to me, stopped at my feet, and whined.

There is nothing remarkable in having a strange dog come to one, or in seeing the creature rise on his hind legs and paw at you for notice and a caress. Only this happened to be a Newfoundland dog.

It might have been mistaken for a collie or a sheep-dog by nearly everybody who saw it; but a man would have turned to admire the softness of its fur, and to glance at the heavy collar with the silver name plate. I knew the Eskimo breed, having spent a summer in Labrador.

I stroked the beast, which lay down at my feet, sometimes raising its head to whine, and sometimes darting off a little way and coming back to tug at the lower edge of my overcoat. But my mind was too much occupied for me to take any large notice of the man with its manoeuvers. My eight years of thankless drudgery as a clerk, following on a brief, adventurous period of roving far away to sea from my English home, had terminated three days before, upon receipt of a legacy, and I had at once left Tom Carson's employment.

Six thousand guineas—thirty thousand dollars—the will said. I had not seen my uncle since I was a boy. But he had been a bachelor, we were both Hewletts, and I had been named Paul after him.

I had seen for some time that Carson meant to get rid of me. It had been a satisfaction for me to get rid of him instead.

He had been alternately a prospector and a company promoter all the working years of his rather shabby life. He had organized some dubious concerns; but his new offices on Broadway were fitted so unostentatiously that any one could see the Northern Exploitation Company was not trying to glitter for the benefit of the small investor.

Coal fields and timber-land somewhere in Canada, the concession was supposed to be. But Tom was as secretive as a clam, except with Simon Leroux.

Leroux was a parish politician from some place near Quebec, and his clean-shaven, wrinkled face was as hard and mean as that of any city boss in the United States. His vile Anglo-French expletives were as nauseous as his cigars. He and old Tom used to be closeted together for hours at a time.

I never liked the man, and I never cared for Carson's business ways. I was glad to leave him the day after my legacy arrived.

He only snorted when I gave him notice, and told the cashier to pay me my salary to date. He had always looked me up as a spiritless drudge. I don't believe he gave another thought to me after he got to Montreal.

My plans were vague. I had been occupying, at a low rental, a tiny apartment on the top of a house, a la, and what is called a "kitchenette" at the top of an old building in Tenth street, which was to be made into flats. Part of the roof was gone already, and there was a six-foot hole under the eaves.

I had arranged to leave the next day, and a storage company was to call the next morning for my few sticks of furniture. I had bought a ticket to take boat for Jamaica. I wanted to think and plan.

I had nobody dependent on me, and was resolved to invest my little fortune in such a way that I might have a modest competence, so that the dreadful specter of poverty might never leer at me again.

The Eskimo dog was growing uneasy. It would run from me, looking round, and uttering a succession of short barks, then run back and tug at my overcoat again. I began to get interested in its manoeuvers.

Evidently it wished me to accompany it, and I wondered who its master was and how it came to be there.

I stooped and looked at the collar. There was no name on it, except the maker's, scratched and illegible. I rose and followed the beast, which showed its eager delight by running ahead of me, turning round at times to bark, and then continuing on its way with precision which showed me that it was certain of its destination.

As I crossed Madison Square the light on the Metropolitan Tower flashed the first quarter. Broadway was in full glare. The lure of electric signs winked at me from every corner. The restaurants were disgorging their patrons, and beautifully dressed women in fine furs, accompanied by escorts in evening dress, stood on the pavements. Taxicabs whirled thru the slush.

The dog came to a street in the Twenties, ran on a few yards, bounded up a flight of stone steps, and began scratching at the door of a house that was apparently empty.

I say apparently, because the shades were drawn down in the window and the interior was unlit, so far as could be seen from the street; but I knew that at that hour it must contain from fifty to a hundred people.

This place I knew by reputation. It was Jim Daly's notorious but decently conducted gambling establishment, which was running full blast at a time when every other institution of this character had found it necessary to shut down in

So the creature's master was inside of Daly's and it wished me to get him out. This was natural enough. My acquirement in his best friend, but it was hardly my prerogative to exercise moral supervision over the questionable employer of a chillier country even than his northern wastes. I looked in some disappointment at the closed doors and turned away.

I meant to go home, and I had proceeded about three paces when the lock clicked, I stopped. The front door opened cautiously, and the gray head of Jim's negro butler appeared. Behind it was the fierce grille of a cast-steel, cabbie, according to rumor, of defying the axes of any number of raiding reformers.

Then emerged one of the most beautiful women that I had ever seen.

I should have called her a girl, for she could not have been more than 20 years of age. Her hair was of a fair brown, the features modeled splendidly, the head poised upon a flawless throat that gleamed white beneath a neckpiece of magnificent sable.

She carried a sable muff, too, and under these furs was a dress of unstylish fashion and cut that contrasted curiously with them. I thought that those loose sleeves had passed away before the nineteenth century died. In one hand she carried a bag, into which she was stuffing a large roll of bills.

As she stepped down to the street the dog fawned at her. She patted it caressingly upon the creature's head, and I knew that she had one servant who would be faithful unto death.

She passed so close to me that her dress brushed my overcoat, and for an instant her eyes met mine. There was in them that which startled me by its pain and helplessness, as the shock suffered some benumbing shock which made her actions more automatic than conscious.

This was no woman of the class that one might expect to find in Daly's. There was unconcern in the face and in the throat, uplifted, as one sees it in young girls.

I was bewildered. What was a girl like that doing in Daly's at half past twelve in the morning?

She began walking slowly and rather aimlessly, it seemed to me, along the street in the direction of Sixth avenue. My curiosity was unbounded. I followed her for a moment to see what she was going to do. But she did not seem to know.

The girl looked as if she had stepped out of a cloister into an unknown world, and the dog added to the strangeness of the picture.

The street loafers stared after her, and two men began walking abreast of her on the other side of the road. I followed her more closely.

As she stood upon the curb on the east side of Sixth avenue I saw her glance timidly up and down before venturing to cross. There was little traffic, and the cars were running at wide intervals. I thought that she would cross before she summoned resolution to plunge beneath the structure of the elevated railroad. When she had reached the other side she stood still again before continuing westward.

The two men crossed the street and planted themselves behind her. They were speaking in a tongue that sounded like French to me, and one had a patch over his eye. A taxicab was crawling up behind them. I was sure that they were in pursuit of her.

The four of us were almost abreast in the middle of the long block between Sixth and Seventh avenues. We were

passing a dead wall, and the street was almost empty.

Suddenly the man with the patch turned on me, lowered his head, and butted me off my feet. I fell into the roadway, and at that instant the second fellow grasped the girl by the arm and the taxicab whirled up and stopped.

The girl's assailants seemed to be trying to force her into the cab. One caught at her arm, the other seized her waist. The bag flew open, scattering a shower of gold pieces upon the pavement.

And then, before I could get upon my feet again, the dog had leaped at the throat of the man with the patch and sent him stumbling backward. Before he recovered his balance I was at the other man, striking out right and left.

It was all the work of an instant, and in an instant the two men had jumped into the taxicab and were being driven swiftly away. I was standing beside the terrified girl, while an ill-looking crowd, gathering from God knows where, surrounded us and fought like furies for the coins which lay scattered about.

I laid my hands on one who had grabbed a gold piece from between my feet, but the girl pulled at my arm distractedly. She was white and trembling, and her big gray eyes were full of fear.

"Help me!" she pleaded, clinging to my sleeve with her little gloved hands. "The money is nothing. I have eight thousand dollars more in my bag. Help me away!"

She spoke in a foreign, bookish accent, as tho she had learned English at school. Fortunately for me the mob was too busily engrossed in its search to hear her words.

So I drew her arm thru mine and we hurried toward Sixth avenue, where we took an uptown car.

We had reached Herald Square when it occurred to me that my companion did not seem to know her destination. So we descended there. I intended to order a taxicab for her, had forgotten the dog, but now the beautiful creature came bounding up to us.

"Where are you going?" I asked the girl. "I will take you to your home—or hotel." I added with a slight upward intonation on the last word.

"I do not know where I am going," she answered slowly. "I have never been in New York until today."

"But you have friends here?" I asked. She shook her head.

"But are you really carrying eight thousand dollars about with you in New York, alone?" I asked in amazement. "Thieves, and that you are in the worst district!"

For a moment it occurred to me that she might have been decoyed into Daly's. And yet I knew it was not that sort of place; indeed, Daly's chief desire was to remain as inconspicuous as possible. It was very difficult to get into Daly's.

"Do you know the character of the place you came out of?" I asked, trying to find some clew to her actions.

"The character?" she repeated, apparently puzzled at first. "Oh, yes. That is Mr. Daly's gaming-house. I came to New York to play at roulette there."

She was looking at me so frankly that I was sure she was wholly ignorant of evil.

"My father is too ill to play himself," she explained, "so I must find a hotel near Mr. Daly's house, and then I shall play every night until our fortune is made. Tonight I lost nearly two thousand dollars. But I was nervous in that strange place. And the system surely says that one may lose at first. Tomorrow I raise the stakes and we shall begin to win. See?"

She pulled a little pad from her bag covered with a maze of figuring.

"But where do you come from?" I asked. "Where is your father?"

Again I saw that look of terror come into her eyes. She glanced quickly about her, and I was sure she was thinking of escaping from me.

I hastened to reassure her.

"Forgive me, but it is no business of mine. And now, if you will trust me a little further I will try to find a hotel for you."

It would have disarmed the worst man to feel her little hand slipped into his arm in that docile manner of hers. I took her to the Seward, the Holland, the Cornhill, and the Merrimac—each in turn.

Vain hope! You know what the New York hotels are. When I asked for a room for her, the clerk would eye her furs dubiously, look over his book in pretense, and then inform me that the hotel was full.

At the Merrimac I sat down in the lobby and sent her to the clerk's desk alone, for that was equally useless. I realized pretty soon that no reputable hotel in New York City would accommodate her at that hour.

We were standing presently in front of the Herald office. Her hand still touched my arm, and I was conscious of an absurd desire to keep it there as long as possible.

My curiosity had given place to deep anxiety on her account. What was this child doing in New York alone, and what sort of father had let her come, if her story were true? What was she? A European? Too unconventional for that. An Argentine? A runaway from some South American convent?

Her skin was too fair for Spanish blood to flow beneath it. She looked French and had something of the French frankness.

Canadian? I dared not ask her any more questions. There was only one thing to do, and, tho I shrank from the suggestion, it had to be made.

"It is evident that you must go somewhere tonight," I said. "I have two rooms on Tenth street which I am vacating tomorrow. They are poorly furnished, but there is clean linen; and if you will occupy them for the night I can go elsewhere, and I will call for you at nine in the morning."

She smiled at me gratefully—she did not seem surprised at all.

"You have some baggage?" I asked.

"No, monsieur," she answered.

She was French, then—Canadian-French, I had no doubt. I was hardly surprised at her answer. I had ceased to be surprised at anything she told me.

"Tomorrow I shall show you where to make some purchases, then," I said. "And, now, mademoiselle, suppose we take a taxicab."

As her hand tightened upon my arm I

Beside the Window, Jacqueline Crouched. In Her Hand She Held a Tiny Dagger-like Knife With a Thin, Red-stained Blade.

saw a man standing on the west side of Broadway and staring intently at us.

He was of a singular appearance. He wore a fur coat with a collar of Persian lamb, and on his head was a black lambskin cap, such as is worn in colder climates, but is seldom seen in New York. He looked about 70 years of age, and he had an aspect decidedly foreign, and I imagined that he was scowling at us malignantly.

I was not sure that this surmise was not due to an over-active imagination, but I was determined to get away from the man's scrutiny, so I called a taxicab and gave the driver my address.

"Go thru some side streets and go fast," I said.

The fellow nodded. He understood my motive, tho I fear he may have misinterpreted the circumstances. We entered, and the girl nestled back against the comfortable cushions. We drove at a furious speed, dodging down side streets at a rate that should have defied pursuit.

During the drive I instructed my companion emphatically. "Since you have no friends here, you must have confidence in me, mademoiselle," I said.

"And you are my friend? Well, monsieur, be sure I trust you," she answered.

"You must listen to me attentively, then," I continued. "You must not admit anybody to the apartment until I ring tomorrow. I have the key, and I shall arrive at five and ring, and then unlock the door. But take no notice of the bell. You understand?"

"Yes, monsieur," she answered wearily.

the stairs, confused and choking, for there was a wedding ring on her finger.

CHAPTER II.

BACK IN THE ROOM.

THE situation had become more preposterous than ever. Two hours before it would have been unimaginable; one hour ago I had merely been offering aid to a young woman in distress; now she was occupying my rooms and I was hurrying along Tenth street, careless as to my destination, and feeling as tho the whole world was crumbling about my head because she were a wedding ring.

Certainly I was not in love with her, so far as I could analyze my emotions. I had been conscious only of a desire to help her, merging by degrees into pity for her friendlessness.

But that wedding ring—what hopes, then, had begun to spring up in my heart? I could not fathom them; I only knew that my exalting had given place to profound dejection.

As I passed up the street the taxicab which I had left at the curb came rapidly toward me. It passed, and I stopped and looked after it. I was certain that it had contained the man at the door of the old building, but again it went on quickly, until it was lost to view in the distance.

Had I given the pursuers a clew by my reappearance?

I watched for a few moments longer, but the vehicle did not return, and I dismissed the idea as folly. In truth, there was no reason to suppose that the man I had seen in Herald Square was connected with the two others, or that any of these had followed us. No doubt the third man was but a street-loafer of the familiar type, attracted by Jacqueline's unusual appearance.

And, after all, New York was a civilized city, and I could be sure of the girl's safety behind the street door-lock and that of my apartment door. So I refused to yield to the impulse to go back and assure myself that she was all right. I must find a hotel and get a good night's sleep. In the morning, undoubtedly, I would see the episode in a less romantic fashion.

As I went on, new thoughts began to press on my imagination. Such an event as this, told in after gatherings of men, would make them smile at me and call me the victim of an adventuress. The tale about the father, the assumed ignorance of the conventions—how much could be true?

Had she not probably left her husband in some Canadian city and come to New York on—on—on what errand? Why, many a would-be gambler had had the wicket of the grille slammed in his face by the old colored butler.

Perhaps she was worse than I was even now imagining!

Perhaps if I had not left her—perhaps, if I turned back—— I clinched my fists and hurried on. I would not give rein to the thoughts that were making my heart bound like a runaway horse.

I had turned up Fifth avenue, and had reached Twelfth or Thirteenth street when I thought I heard the patter of the Eskimo dog's feet behind me. A spun around, startled, but there was only the long stretch of pavement, wet from a slight, recent shower, with the reflection of the yellow arc-lights in it.

I had resumed my course when I was sure I heard the pattering again. And again I turned and saw nothing.

A moment later, I was hurrying back toward the apartment house. My nerves had suddenly become unstrung. I felt sure now that some imminent danger was threatening Jacqueline. I could not bear the suspense of waiting till morning. I wanted to save her from something that I felt intimately, but did not understand, and at which my reason mocked in vain.

And as I ran I thought I heard the patter of the dog's feet, pacing mine.

I was rounding the corner of Tenth street now, and again the folly of my behavior struck home to me. I stopped and tried to think. Was it some instinct that was taking me back, or was it the remembrance of Jacqueline's beauty? Was it not the desire to see her, to ask her about the ring?

Surely my fears were but an overwrought imagination and the strangeness of the situation, acting upon a mind recently grasping out after adventure, being set free from the oppression of those dreadful years of bondage!

I had actually swung around, when I heard the ghostly pattering of the feet again close at my side. I made my decision in that instant, and hurried back toward the house.

I was in Tenth street now. It was half past two in the morning, and beginning to grow cold. The streets were empty. I fled, a tiny thing, between two rows of high, dark houses.

When at last I found my door my hands were trembling so that I could hardly fit the key into the lock.

I wondered now whether it had not been the pattering of my heart I had heard. I bounded up the stairs. But on the top story I had to pause to get my breath, and then I dared not enter.

I listened outside. There was no sound from within.

The two rooms that I occupied were separated only by a curtain, which fell short a foot from the floor and was hung on a wooden pole, disclosing two feet between the top of it and the ceiling. The rooms were thus actually one, and even that might have been called small, for the bed in the rear room was not a dozen paces from the door.

I listened for the breathing of the sleeping girl. My intelligence cried out upon my folly, telling me that my appearance there would terrify her. And yet that clamorous fear that beat at my heart would not be silenced.

If I could hear her breathe, I thought, I would go quietly away and find a hotel in which to sleep. I listened minute after minute, but I could not hear a sound.

At last I put my mouth to the keyhole and spoke to her, "Jacqueline," I called. The name sounded as strange and sweet on my lips as it sounded on hers when she told it to me. I waited. There was no answer.

Then a little louder, "Jacqueline!" And then quite loudly, "Jacqueline!"

I listened, dreading that she would cry out in alarm, but the same dead silence followed.

Then, out of the silence, hammering on my ear-drums, burst the loud ticking of the little alarm-clock that I had left on the mantel of the bedroom. I heard that, and it must have been ticking minutes before the sound reached me, perhaps if I waited a little longer I should hear her breathing.

The alarm-clock was one of that kind which, when set to "repeat" utters a peculiar little click every two hundred and fifth stroke and so gives away in the mechanism. Formerly it had annoyed me inexpressibly, and sometimes I would lie awake for hours counting that tiny sound. Now I could hear even that, and heard it repeat and repeat itself, but I could not hear Jacqueline breathe.

I took the key of the apartment door from my pocket and fitted it softly and noiselessly into the lock. I stood there, trembling and irresolute. I dared not turn the key. The hall-door was practically upon the rooms without a private passage, and at the moment when I opened the door I should be practically inside my bedroom save for the intervening curtain.

Once more I ventured: "Jacqueline! Jacqueline!"

There was not the smallest answering stir within. And so, with shaking fingers, I turned the key.

The door creaked open with a noise that must have aroused the dreaming [illegible] was impossible to keep it shut without locking it. It had been left ajar. I had ceased to concern himself with his tumble-down property.

I caught at the door-edge, missed it and, tripping over a rent in the cheap mat that lay against the door inside, stumbled against the curtain and pushed it aside. Even after I had caught at it, and stayed my fall, that infernal door went creaking, creaking backward till it brought up against the wall.

The room was completely dark, except for a little patch of light that lay on the bedroom wall, which came thru the hole the workmen had made when they began demolishing the old building. I hesitated a moment; then I drew a match from my pocket and rubbed it softly into a flame against my trousers.

I reached up to the gas above the table, turned it on, and lit the incandescent mantle, which gave little light immediately. But even then there was no sound from behind the curtains.

I tiptoed over to the curtain, so that I was able to see only the gas-blackened ceiling above them and, undressed, the foot of the little bed [illegible] and the bed-frame at the base, with its enameled iron feet. The sheets hung straight, as I had left them. I had been occupied, but, tho there was no sound, I knew Jacqueline was at the back of the curtains.

The oppressive stillness was not that of solitude. She must be awake; she must be listening to me.

I went toward the curtains, and when I spoke I heard the words come thru my lips in a voice that I could not recognize as mine.

"Jacqueline!" I whispered, "it is Paul, Paul, your friend. Are you safe, Jacqueline?"

Now I saw, under the curtains, what looked like the body of a very small animal. It might have been a woolly dog, or a black tambkin, and it was lying perfectly still.

I pulled aside the curtains and stood between them, and the scene stamped itself forever upon my brain, as clear as a photographic print.

The woolly beast was the fur cap of a dead man who lay across the floor of the little room. One foot was extended underneath the bed, and the head reached to the bottom of the wall on the other side of the room. He lay upon his back, his eyes open and staring, his hands clinched, and his features twisted into a sneering smile.

SUMMER DAY

Summer day!
You slipped away
On de breezes in de mountain or de
ripples in de bay.
When de air was warm an' hazy,
An' de blossoms nodded lazy.
We thought you'd try to stay,
Summer day!

Summer day—
When skies are gray,
And de snowflakes come a-driftin' where
de blossoms once were gay,
We'll be stronger in our duty
By de memory of de beauty
Where your sunbeams used to play,
Summer day.

His fur overcoat, unbuttoned, disclosed a warm knit waistcoat of a gaudy pattern, across which ran the heavy links of a gold chain. There was a tiny hole in his breast, over the heart, from which a little blood had flowed. The wound had pierced the heart, and death had evidently been instaneous.

So I was the man whom I had seen staring at us across Herald Square.

Beside the window Jacqueline crouched, and at her feet lay the Eskimo dog, watching me silently. In her hand she held a tiny, dagger-like knife, with a thin, red-stained blade. Her gray eyes, black in the gaslight, stared into mine, and there was neither fear nor recognition in them. She had fully dressed, and the bed had not been occupied.

I flung myself at her feet. I took the weapon from her hand. "Jacqueline!" I cried in terror. I raised her hands to my lips and caressed them.

She seemed quite unreponsive.

I laid them against my cheek. I called her by her name imploringly; I spoke to her, but she only looked at me and made no answer. Still it was evident to me that she heard and understood, for she looked at me as a person would look at one were a complete stranger. She did not seem to resent my presence there, and she did not seem afraid of the dead man. She [illegible] of the situation.

"Jacqueline," I cried, "you are not hurt? Thank God you are not hurt. What has happened?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I don't know what has happened."

I kneeled down at her side and put my arms about her.

"Jacqueline, dear," I said, "will you not try to think? I am Paul—your friend Paul. Do you not remember me?"

"No monsieur," she said softly.

"But, then, how did you come here, Jacqueline?" I asked.

"I do not know," she answered. And, a moment later, "I do not know, Paul."

That encouraged me a little. Evidently she remembered what I had just said to her.

"Where is your home, Jacqueline?" I asked, but she answered in an apathetic voice, devoid of interest.

There was something more to be said. "Who was he, Jacqueline?"

"Jacqueline, who—was—that?"

"Who?" she inquired, looking at me with the gaze of a wistful child.

"That man, Jacqueline. That dead man."

"What dead man, Paul?"

She was staring straight at the body, and at that moment I realized that she not only did not remember, but did not even see it.

The shock which she had received, supervening upon the nervous strain in which she had been when I encountered her, had produced one of those mental infirmities in which the memory, for some reason, obliterates temporarily not only all memory of the past, but also all present stimuli and sounds which may serve to recall it. She looked idly at the body of the dead man, and I was sure that she saw nothing but the worn woodwork of the floor.

I saw that it was useless to say anything more upon this subject.

"You are very tired, Jacqueline?" I asked.

"Yes, monsieur," she answered, leaning back against my arm.

"And you would like to sleep?"

"Yes, monsieur."

I raised her in my arms and laid her on the bed, telling her to close her eyes and sleep. She was asleep almost immediately after her head rested upon the pillow. She breathed as softly as an infant.

I watched her for a while until I heard a distant clock strike three. This recalled me to the dangers of our situation. I struck a match and lit the gas in the bedroom. But the yellow glare was so ghastly and intolerable that I turned it out.

And then I set about the task before me.

CHAPTER III.
COVERING THE TRACKS.

I THOUGHT quickly, and my consciousness seemed to embrace all the details of the situation with a keenness foreign to my nature.

Once, I believe, I had been able to play an active part among the men who were my associates in that adventurous life that lay so far behind me. But eight years of civilized life had reduced me to the condition of one who waits on the commands of others. Now my irresolution vanished for the time, and I was my old self once more.

The first task was the disposal of the body in such a way that suspicion would not attach itself to me after I had vacated the rooms next morning.

There was a fire-escape running up to the floor of that room on the outside of the house, tho there was no egress to it. I had been put up by the landlord to satisfy the requirements of some new law, but had never been meant for use. It [illegible] would be possible for me standing on a chair to swing myself up to the hole in the wall and reach down to the iron stairs up which I scanned, the dead man had crept after I had given him the hint of Jacqueline's abode by emerging from the front door.

I raised the dead man in my arms, looking apprehensively toward the bed. I was afraid Jacqueline would awaken, but she slept in heavy peace, undisturbed by the harsh creaking of the sagging floor beneath the burden. I put the fur cap on the grotesque, nodding dead head, and, pushing a chair toward the hole in the wall, mounted it and, engaged with a great effort to squeeze thru the hole, pulling up the body with me as I did so.

Then I felt with my foot for the little platform at the top of the iron stairs outside, found it, and dropped. Afterward I dragged the dreadful burden down from the hole.

I had known that I was strong before, and I do not understand now how I managed to accomplish my wretched task.

I carried the dead man all the way down the fire-escape, clinging and straining against the jutting, rusting bars, which bent and cracked beneath my weight and seemed about to break and drag down the entire structure from the wall.

I hardly paused at the platforms outside the upper stories. The weather was growing very cold, a storm was coming up, and the wind soughed and whined dismally among the eaves.

I reached the bottom at last, and rested for a moment.

At the back of the house was a little vacant space filled with heaps of debris from the demolished portions of the building, and with refuse which had been dumped there by tenants who had left. This yard was separated only by a rotting fence with a single wooden rail from a small blind alley.

The alley had run between rows of stables in former days when it was a fashionable quarter, but now these were mostly unoccupied, save for a few more pretentious ones at the lower end, which were converted into garages.

Everywhere were heaps of brick, piles of rain-rotted wood, and rubbish heaps.

I took up my burden and placed it at the end of the alley, covering it roughly with some old burlap bags which lay there. I thought it safe to assume that the police would look upon the dead man as the victim of some footpad. It was only remotely possible that suspicion would be directed against any occupant of any of the houses bordering on the alley.

I did not search the dead man's pockets. I cared nothing who he was. My sole desire was to acquit Jacqueline of his death in the world's eyes.

The ground was as hard as iron, and I was satisfied that my footsteps had left no track; there would be snow before morning, and if my feet had left any trace, these would be covered effectively.

Four o'clock was striking while I was climbing back into the room again. Jacqueline lay on the bed in the same position. While she slept I set about the completion of my task.

I took the knife from the floor where I had flung it, scrubbed it, and placed it in my suitcase. Then I scrubbed the floor clean, afterward rubbing it with a soiled rag to make its appearance uniform.

I washed my hands, and thought I had finally removed all traces of the affair, but, coming back, I perceived something upon the floor which had escaped my notice. It was the leather collar of the Eskimo dog, with its big silver studs, and the maker's silver name-plate.

I came to the conclusion that there must have been a struggle, that the dog run to its master's assistance, and that the collar had been torn from it by the dead man.

My first thought was to put the collar back upon the creature's neck; but then I believed that it might possibly serve as a means of identification. And it was essential that no one should be able to identify the dog.

So I picked the collar up and carried it into the next room and held it under the light of the incandescent gasmantle. The inscription on the maker's name were almost obliterated, but after a careful study I was able to make them out. The name was Ouellette & Dubois, and the place of manufacture, Quebec. This confirmed my belief concerning Jacqueline's nativity.

I pried the plate from the leather and slipped it into my pocket. I put the broken collar into my suitcase, together with the knife, and then I set about packing my things for the journey which we were to undertake.

I had long accustomed myself to travel with a minimum of baggage, and the suitcase, which was a roomy one, held all my belongings in a little time. When I had finished packing, I went back to Jacqueline and sat down beside her while she slept. As I sat down, I heard a [illegible] Seine. It would begin to lighten, and the advent of the day filled me with a sort of terror.

I watched the sleeping girl. Who was she? And what was she doing precisely after that night's deed? The mystery seemed unfathomable; the girl alone in the little room with the body of the dead man, and the one who had escaped me.

Jacqueline's bag lay open on the bureau, disgorging many of its contents, and rolls of them—eight thousand dollars in all.

Besides these, the bag contained the usual feminine articles—a handkerchief, sachet-bag, a pocket-mirror and some thin papers, coated with ricepowder.

The thought came to me that the bills might be counterfeit, and I picked one up and looked at it carefully, comparing it with one from my own pocketbook. But I was not satisfied that it was real. Well—I turned back to Jacqueline, ashamed of the suspicion that had crossed my mind.

Her soft brown hair streamed over the pillow and hung down toward the floor in a long mass. She moved in sleep and fell evenly with her breathing. She looked even younger than on the preceding night. I knew now that she was innocent of evil, and my unworthy thoughts made me ashamed. Her slender hand was extended beyond the edge of the bed.

I raised her hand and held it in my own, and I sat thus until the room began to lighten, watching her all the while.

It was strange that as I sat there, I began to grow comforted. I looked on her as mine. I had kissed her hands, I had forgotten the ring upon her finger; and now, holding that hand in mine and running my fingers round and round the circlet of gold, I was not troubled at all. I could not think of her as any other man's. She was mine—Jacqueline.

Presently she stirred, her eyes opened, and she sat up. I placed a pillow at her back. She gazed at me with apathy, but there was also recognition in her look.

"Do you know me, Jacqueline?" I asked.

"Yes, Paul," she answered.

"Your friend?"

"My friend, Paul."

"Jacqueline, I am going to take you home," I said, hoping that she would tell me something, but I dared ask her no more. I meant to take her to Quebec, and make inquiries there. Thus I hoped to learn something of her, even if the

Coming! "Demons of the Sea"—the Most Startling Tale of the Year

sight of the town did not awaken her memories.

"I am going to take you home, Jacqueline," I repeated.

"Yes, Paul," she answered in that docile manner of hers.

"It is lucky you have your furs, because the winter is cold where your home is."

"Yes, Paul," she repeated as before, and a few more probings on my part convinced me that she remembered nothing at all. Her mind was like a person's newly awakened in a strange land. But this state brought with it no fear, only a peaceful quietude and faith which was very touching.

"We have forgotten a lot of things that troubled us, haven't we, Paul?" she asked me presently. "But we shall not care, since we have each other for friends. And afterward, perhaps, we shall pick them up again. Do you not think so, Paul?"

"Yes, Jacqueline," I answered.

"If we remembered now, the memory of them might make us unhappy," she continued wistfully. "Do you not think so, Paul?"

"Yes, Jacqueline."

There was a faint and vague alarm in her eyes which made me glad for her sake, that she did not know.

"Now, Jacqueline," I said, "we shall have to begin to make ready for our journey."

I had just remembered that the storage company which was to warehouse my few belongings was to call that day. The van would probably be at the house early in the morning, and it was essential that we should be gone before it arrived.

Fortunately, I had arranged to leave the door unlocked in case my arrangements necessitated my early departure, and this was understood, so that my absence would cause no surprise.

I showed Jacqueline the bathroom and drew the curtains. Then I went into the kitchenette and made coffee on the gas range, and, since it was too early for the arrival of my morning loaf, which was placed just within the street door by the baker's boy every day, I made some toast and buttered it.

I remember reflecting, with a relic of my old forced economy, how fortunate it was that my pound of butter had just lasted until the morning when I was to break up housekeeping.

When I took in the breakfast, Jacqueline was waiting for me, looking very dainty and charming. She was hungry, too, and a good sign.

She did not seem to understand that [illegible] although she sighed she did not know whether this was due to her mental state, or to that strange unsophistication which I had already observed in her. At any rate, we ate our breakfast together as naturally as tho we were a married couple of long-standing.

After the meal was ended, and we had fed the dog, Jacqueline insisted on washing the dishes, and I showed her the kitchenette and let her do so, tho I should never have need for the cheap plates and cups again.

"Now, Jacqueline, we must go," I said.

I placed my checkbook before her. I closed her bag, stuffing the bills inside, and hung it on her arm. I could not resist a smile to see the little pad covered with its maze of figures among the rolls of money. I was afraid that the sight of it would call up memories, but she only looked quietly at it, and put it away.

I wanted her to let me bank her money for her, but did not like to ask her. However, of her own account she took out the bills, and I made her do so.

"What a lot of money I have," she said. "I hardly thought there was so much money in the world, Paul."

It was past 8 when we left the house. I carried my suitcase and, stopping at a neighboring corner, we took a car down to the Grand Central station. And then I decided to take the dog to the animals' home.

I did not like to do so, but was afraid, in the necessity of protecting Jacqueline, that the animal might possibly prove embarrassing, so I took it there and left it, with instructions that it was to be well cared for. Then I paid a small sum of money and we departed. Jacqueline apparently indifferent to what I had done, for she had grown used to being parted from her disturbed my conscience a good deal.

Still it seemed the only thing to do under our circumstances.

Quebec, then, was my objective, and with no further choice than the dog collar. There were two trains, I found, at 3 and at 9. The first, which I proposed to take, would bring us to our destination soon after 2 the next day. Our morning was to be a busy one, and it would be necessary to make our preparations quickly.

CHAPTER IV.
SIMON LEROUX.

WITH Jacqueline's arm drawn thru mine, I paid a visit to the bank in which I had deposited my legacy, and drew out fifteen hundred dollars, next depositing Jacqueline's money to my own account. It amounted to almost exactly eight thousand dollars.

The receiving teller must have thought me an eccentric to carry so large a sum, and I know he thought that Jacqueline and I had just been married, for I saw him smile over the entry that he made in my bank book.

I wanted to deposit her money in her own name, but this would have involved inquiries and explanations, which I was not in a position to satisfy. So there was nothing to do but deposit it in my own, and afterward refund it to her.

I said that the receiving teller smiled—he wore that indescribable congratulatory look with which it is customary to favor the newly married.

In fact, we were exactly like a honeymoon couple. Altho I endeavored to maintain an air of practical self-assurance, there was now a new shyness in her manner, an atmosphere of undefinable but very real sweetness in the relationship between us, which set my heart hammering at times when I looked at her flushed cheeks and the fair hair, blown about her face, and hiding the glances which she timidly stole at me.

It was like a honeymoon departure, only with another man's wife; and that made the sentiment more elevated and more chivalrous, for it set a seal of honor on me which must remain unbroken till the time arrived.

I wondered, as we strolled up Fifth avenue together, how much she knew, what she remembered, and what thoughts went coursing thru her head. That childlike faith of hers was marvelously sweet. It was an innocent confidence, but it was devoid of weakness. I believed that she was dimly aware that terrible things lay in the past, and that she trusted to her forgetfulness as a shield to protect her not only herself but me, and would not voluntarily recall what she had forgotten.

It was necessary to buy her an outfit of clothes, and this problem worried me a good deal. I hardly knew the names of the things she required.

I believe now that I had absurd ideas as to the quantity and consistency of women's garments. I was afraid that she would not know what to buy, but, as the morning wore away, I realized that her mental faculties were not dimmed in that fashion.

She observed everything, clapped her hands joyously as a child at the street sights and sounds, turned to wonder at the elevated and at the high buildings. I ventured, therefore, upon the subject that was perplexing me.

"Jacqueline," I said, "you know that you will require an outfit of clothes before we leave the city. I am not, as many things, you know," I continued cautiously, "but just enough for a journey."

"Yes, Paul," she answered.

"How much money shall I give you, Jacqueline?"

"Fifty dollars?" she inquired.

I gave her a hundred, and took ridiculous delight in it.

We entered a large department store, and I mustered up enough courage to address the young woman who stood behind the counter that displayed the largest assortment of women's garments.

"I want a complete outfit for—for this lady," I said. "Enough for"—I hesitated again—"a two weeks' journey."

The young woman smiled in a very pleasant way, and two others, who were near enough to have overheard, turned round and smiled also.

"Bermuda or Niagara Falls?" asked the young woman.

"I beg your pardon?" I inquired, conscious that my face was insufferably hot.

"I see you are taking madame to Bermuda, she will naturally require cooler clothing than if you are taking her to Niagara Falls," the young woman explained, looking at me with benevolent patience. And seeing that I was wholly disconcerted, she added:

"Perhaps madame might prefer to make her own selection."

As I stood in the center of the store, apparently a stumbling block to every shopper, Jacqueline flitted here and there, until a comfortable assortment of parcels was accumulated upon the counter.

"Where shall I send them, madame?" inquired the saleswoman.

There was a suitcase to be bought, so I had them transferred to the trunk and leather goods department, where I bought a neat sole-leather suitcase which, at Jacqueline's practical suggestion, was changed for a lighter one of plaited straw.

After that I abstained from misdirecting my companion's activities.

And everybody addressed her as madame, and everybody smiled on us, and sometimes I reflected miserably upon the wedding ring, and then again smiled too, and forgot, watching Jacqueline's eager face flushed with delight, as she looked at the pretty things in the store.

I had meditated taking her into Tiffany's to buy her a trinket of some kind. A ring seemed forbidden, and I was weighing the choice between a bracelet and a watch, my desire to acquire a whole counter of trinkets rapidly getting the better of my judgment, when something happened which put the idea completely out of my head.

It was while Jacqueline was examining the suitcases that my attention was drawn to a tall, elderly man with a hard, drawn, and deeply lined weatherbeaten face, and wearing a massive overcoat, open in front, who was standing in the division between the trunk department and that adjoining it, immediately behind Jacqueline. He was looking at me with an unmistakable glance of recognition.

I knew that I had seen him several times before, but, the his features were familiar, I had forgotten his name.

In fact, I had seen him only a week before, but the events of the past night had made a week seem like a year. I stared at him and he stared at me, and made an urgent sign to me.

Keeping an eye on Jacqueline, and not losing sight of her at any time, I followed the tall man. As I neared him, my remembrance of him grew stronger. I knew that powerful, slouching gait, that heavy tread. When he turned round I had no doubt.

It was Simon Leroux.

"Diable! So you've got her!" he began in a hoarse, forcible whisper. "Where did you pick her up? I was hurrying away from Tom's office when I happened to see you two enter the Matchekinah's."

I remembered then that the office in which I had drudged, was only a couple of blocks away. I made no answer, but waited for him to lead again—and I was thinking hard.

"There's a devil to pay!" he went on in his execrable accent. "Louis came on post-haste, as you know, and he hasn't turned up yet. Ah, mon Dieu, I always knew Tom was close, but I never dreamed you knew anything. When I saw you I was hurrying near the door in his office writing in those books. I thought you were just a clerk. And you were in the know all the time, you were! You know what happened last night?" he continued, looking furtively around.

"It was an unfortunate affair," I said guardedly.

"Unfortunate!" he repeated, staring at me out of his bloodshot eyes. "It was the devil, by gosh! My God! who was he?"

His face was fiery red, and he cast so keen a look at me that I almost thought he had discovered he was betraying himself.

"It was lucky I was in New York when Louis arrived as she had flown," he continued—I omit the oaths which punctuated his phrases. "Lucky I had my men with me, too. I didn't think I'd need them here, but I'd promised them a trip to New York—and then comes Louis'

The Man With the Patch Lowered His Head, and Butted Me off My Feet.

(Continued on Page 17.)

Second Installment of

THE MYSTERY

Read This First

NUMBER 1313, the silent house of mystery, wherein nobody has ever been seen to enter, suddenly has a visitor. And not only one, but three, who arrive one hour apart. Van Vechten and his friend, Tom Phinney, watch the three men enter and wager that a fourth will join them within an hour. There is a fourth visitor, but it is a veiled woman, who looks vaguely familiar to Van Vechten. Shortly afterwards a young man emerges from the house. It is evident from his actions and appearance that he has been in a hot fight. Van Vechten and his friend follow him towards the elevated structure, and as they turn the corner, the young man falls dead; his mysterious assailant disappears completely. While Van Vechten stands in the crowd that gathers, he encounters a girl's horrified eyes, and is attracted by her beauty. Her escort scowls at him, and when Van Vechten is asked for details by the police, the couple disappear. Van Vechten goes back to his club, and is startled to see the girl looking at him scornfully from one of the windows in No. 1313. A detective visits him. Van Vechten tells him the story of No. 1313, omitting the details about the veiled woman and the girl he saw in the crowd.

This story began in No. 43, the Ledger dated Oct. 28. Back copies containing previous chapters of the story may be obtained from this office or from our newsdealers and agents.

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CHAPTER VI.

TOM PHINNEY'S ADVENTURE.

TOM PHINNEY was so accustomed to what he was pleased to call his friend's "aberrations" that at Van Vechten's intimation that he desired to be left alone, Tom stalked off to the billiard-room without a word.

He drove the balls around a deserted table with vicious jabs of his cue, until he was reminded of a catboat which he could use whenever he wanted to, over at Rocky Cove, belonging to a friend who was [illegible] Then he hastened home to toss a tattered but wonderfully comfortable negligee outfit into a bag, and his himself over to Long Island.

As he passed thru the lounging-room—it is worth recording—Van Vechten was brooding in his corner, and so did not see him. Tom surveyed him a second or so, then concluding that he had better not break in upon his cogitations, hastened away.

While it was yet daylight Tom found the sail where it was stored in his friend's boathouse, shipped the single mast and rigged it up, then went up into town after a box of provisions. He meant to cruise around the sound for a day or two, thus giving Ruddy plenty of time to think, and perhaps learn something definite about his Cousin Paige's movements into the bargain; afterwards they might find time to join the Carterets on their Yacht, as they had been invited to do. He was profoundly disgusted that a girl's caprice was depriving him and Ruddy of a jolly good time.

That night, after a couple of pipes, he went to sleep in the little craft's cabin, and before daylight he was astir and taking advantage of a light offshore breeze. All day long he sailed around the lower sound, enjoying himself immensely and incidentally emptying the provision locker of its contents. He viewed this circumstance with a rueful laugh.

"Stone and green spectacles! And I thought I was laying in supplies for a week's cruise!"

Then he laughed again—light-heartedly this time—and trimmed about for home.

Dusk was falling when he drifted close in toward Rocky Cove. He was possibly two miles off shore when he heard the muffled exhaust and warning pipe of a motor-boat.

Glancing back, he made out the craft bearing down upon him under a smother of spray of her own kicking up. She swept by so close to port that, despite the half-light, he was afforded a distinct view of several of the boat's occupants.

There were five men and three women. The latter were half-hidden in their wraps and kept their faces averted, but the men all turned and stared at him with a fixedness that surprised Tom considerably, and made him not a little curious. So he returned the scrutiny with an interest which normally he would not have felt.

His own regard sharpened. And then his jaw dropped, and his pipe clattered upon the grating at his feet.

He recognized one of the men—the aged, whitehaired servant whom he had seen once or twice to emerge from Number 1313. Quickly he darted a glance at each of the others in turn; but he had never seen them before.

In a flash they were gone, and it was not until a vagrant puff heeled him perilously astarboard that he recovered his wits and brought his boat round again into the wind. By then the motorboat had been all but swallowed in the gloom.

However, Tom reflected, they were heading straight for Rocky Cove; if the breeze held he would have his own craft tied up at his friend's pier within the half-hour; then a quick change of attire in the boathouse, and he could put in the evening reconnoitering. It would be queer if he failed to turn up something in a little place like Rocky Cove.

But after he dined at the one hotel where he felt free to go at this season without evening clothes, he was put out to observe that a storm was brewing. The sky was already thickly overcast, the night suffocatingly close, and off to the west lightning was flickering and approaching with a rapidity that promised a squall.

While he stood undecided as to what course to pursue, the matter was taken unexpectedly out of his hands.

A man, walking rapidly, came abruptly out of the darkness and entered the glare of light from the hostelry's open door and windows. He it was who had been controlling the motorboat.

Tom now had an opportunity to observe several particulars about him that he had previously missed, or failed to note—that he was a tall, loose-jointed, muscular, youngish man, of a sandy complexion and a serious, not to say sullen, cast of countenance. Moreover, his lean, sharp-featured face bore a number of marks and abrasions, as if he had quite recently met with an accident.

The man proceeded upon his way, looking neither to the left nor the right. He carried a large laden basket—which he bore lightly—and in a second or two had passed into the darkness again.

The night, tho, was now so punctuated by lightning flashes that Tom found no difficulty in marking his progress along the road that led inland. He chuckled to think how luck was showing him her cards; Ruddy, doubtless, was still racking his brains and stifling in town.

Without an instant's hesitation, or a thought of the storm which was about to break, he set out after the fellow. He neglected to observe even the ordinary precaution of a glance around. If he had, the night's adventure might have terminated differently.

He would have beheld, for one thing, two other of the motor-boat's occupants, farther in the rear, walking in the same direction—two athletic young men laden with bundles of various sizes and shapes. As it was, they on their part instantly detected Tom's interest in the first man, and also the obvious fact that he had started out to follow him.

They at once ceased their low-voiced conversation, and devoted all their attention to Tom Phinney.

Thus the little procession advanced in silence, on thru the town, and into the open country.

As soon as the last of the fringe of houses was passed, the twain in the rear quickened their pace, moving up closer to Tom. The loose sand underfoot, and the now almost continual crash and rumble of thunder overhead, effectually drowned out all other sounds.

The sole warning Tom had that matters were not progressing as satisfactorily as he had fancied, came with the first gust of hot, dust-laden wind. A sudden shaft directly to his rear startled him from his absorption.

"Mr. Callis!" exploded a voice. "Here! Quick!"

Just as he pivoted round, there came a dazzling flash and a deafening crash—and then the deluge. He received an instantaneous picture of two stalwart figures tossing a burden of packages to the ground, and then in the ensuing blindness he was seized by violent hands.

Now Tom was himself a man of mighty sinew and well versed not only in the science of defending self, but of pushing war into the enemy's camp. For a minute or two he made a brave fight; but the spirited struggle ended with Tom lying flat upon his back in the middle of the road, his three antagonists piled indiscriminately on top of him and panting for breath, while a cataract of rain pounded upon the just and the unjust alike. The wind whistled and shrieked, the thunder boomed and crashed and split the night, and the lightning illuminated the whole scene with a ghastly semblance of daylight.

At last the one called Callis—the sandy complexioned man—moved suddenly to his knees, but without releasing his grip upon the well-nigh drowned captive—a posture decidedly uncomfortable for Tom, for the bony knees bored into him like gimlets.

"Hold this duffer," Callis shouted above

He Received an Instantaneous Picture of Two Stalwart Figures Tossing a Burden of Packages to the Ground.

the uproar, "while I knot together a couple of handkerchiefs. If he makes a move bat him over the head!" Then came a lower-voiced addendum which Tom alone caught: "I don't know but what we ought to do it anyhow."

The other two ratified their positions so adroitly that Tom could not stir. Another blinding flash, and an exclamation from the man kneeling upon his arms.

"By cripes, Mr. Callis! It's the fellow we passed in the sailboat!"

"The deuce you exclaimed Callis, who seemed to be the one in authority. "That settles his hash. We'll just take him to the old man."

Then Tom was unceremoniously rolled over upon his face, his arms jerked rudely back and held securely, while his wrists were tied tightly together. Next he was lifted to his feet, the powerful grasp on either arm never relaxing in the slightest degree, and was so held while a third handkerchief was bound over his eyes.

He did not submit tamely to these indignities, but as his opposition was confined to angry oaths and threats, it was worse than futile. He sputtered and fumed and swore until Callis interrupted him.

"If you don't cut that out," he announced with an air of finality, "I'll gag you."

And Tom perforce fell silent, tho he continued to seethe and rage inwardly.

"March, you," ordered Callis' cort

OF NO. 1313

By Charles Edmonds Walk

voice, the command being emphasized by a vigorous push that sent him stumbling helplessly forward. The firm hands held him, however, and he moved thru the tempest and the night under their guiding impulse.

To Tom the adventure was taking on the aspect of a nightmare. All sense of direction was lost; not another word was spoken by any of the incongruous party. He tripped over obstructions and splashed thru puddles, and now and then stepped unwittingly into depressions with a jar that clicked his teeth together and wrenched his neck until his head ached. Round and round his captors seemed to be leading him—they had long ago turned aside from the road, he was positive; his brain whirled and he staggered drunkenly. Only once did he attempt resistance,

ages to the Ground and Then in the Ensuing Blindness, He Was Seized by Violent Hands.

and stopped abruptly when his helpless condition demonstrated the futility of any such move on his part.

The wind had died down, but the rain still poured a torrent and the thunder rumbled and rolled so that all the night was full of the sound. After what seemed an interminable time, Tom's feet collided, with a hollow reverberation, against a wooden step. He mounted three of them, and in an instant was out of the rain and storm. He surmised that he was upon a porch, and next that he was being conducted thru a doorway into a house.

A sudden feminine scream, half-suppressed, startled him. Then a girl's agitated voice—and a most remarkably sweet voice, it seemed to Tom—said:

"John! What has happened? Who is this?"

And Callis replied: "Don't be frightened, Miss Jessie. Where's your father?"

Miss Jessie did not answer this question. It seemed to Tom that a number of people had crowded into the hall during this brief colloquy. He heard a rustling of feminine dresses and excited feminine whisperings, denoting that at least two women were talking nearby. Then Callis commanded the other two of his captors to "hold him tight," as if they were not doing so already. After this he sensed that Callis moved away from him, and he remained standing, as sodden as a drowned man, while the water trickled from his clothes onto the floor.

Manifestly he was being made the subject of quite a lively debate, which came to a sudden end when Callis addressed him.

"Say, you, who are you? What's your name?"

"D—n you!" leaped hotly from Tom's lips. "Free my hands and I'll print it on your face, you dog!"

"Here! None of that!" another masculine voice warned sharply. "There are ladies here."

"They're in deuced poor company," snarled Tom.

"Gag him," Callis briefly commanded. "Here, take this."

But there was an interruption. Tom heard a girl's voice—not Jessie's, whoever Jessie might be, but one infinitely sweeter, say: "Wait." The request was made composedly. And then Tom fancied that the sweet voice's owner was approaching him. Next second he was sure of it.

"Will you not tell us who you are, and why you were following Mr. Callis?"

Tom's sole concern at that moment was a profound regret that he could not see the speaker. Her voice was so sweet, so soft and well-bred, that he knew she must be beautiful.

"I would be only too glad to tell you," Tom returned, "if it would not at the same time give some satisfaction to the thugs and hold-up crooks who are present. Please pardon me—in the circumstances."

There was a silent pause; then a gasp from the girl.

"It can't be!" he heard her exclaim in a whisper that was fairly alive with astonishment.

It did not occur to Tom to wonder what she meant.

"But it is," he replied whimsically, also in a whisper. "Won't you release me?—or at least remove this bandage?"

No reply was vouchsafed him, no further speech from the pulse-disturbing voice. She had left him. The situation was brought to an abrupt close by the man called Callis.

"Take him upstairs," that worthy gruffly ordered—"the front room. You may take off the bandage after he's in the dark. Tie his feet with it. And make sure his hands are good and fast."

He was being pushed forward again. He stumbled against the bottom step, was rudely jerked to his feet, and then propelled upward.

"There is no use being so rough," he heard the sweeter-voiced girl cry, with a note of indignation. "Mr. Callis, tell those men to be more gentle."

After this the ascent of the stairs was made easier. Up two flights went captive and captors. Presently a door was opened, and under the impetus of a violent shove Tom went sprawling to the floor. The bandage was whipped from his eyes, and his ankles deftly bound.

The rough tumble hurt and dazed him. Dimly he heard the door shut, and the click of a bolt dropping into its socket.

Then—stillness and darkness of the tomb.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MAN OF IRON.

WHOEVER it was that dubbed Theodore Van Vechten the "Man of Iron" displayed a pretty wit. For the phrase was descriptive of the man, both figuratively and literally.

His offices were in New Street, just off of Wall, and quite close to the Stock Exchange, a location unrivaled for his purposes, which were both tremendous and infinitely various. He has also been likened to a fat spider lurking in the midst of its web, the filaments of which radiate in all directions thruout the contiguous territory, and every one of them guiding a steady stream of gold into the Van Vechten coffers.

Theodore Van Vechten typified Power. There was, first of all, the prestige of the enormous Van Vechten fortune; and then the regulation and supervision of all the money, stocks and bonds within rifle shot of his office; which is to say, the entire country, for even the United States sub-treasury—its parent also for that matter—is not excluded from this sweeping statement.

As head of the Consolidated Metals Company, he was a shining target for the United States Attorney-General—and, it is no doubt needless to add, an invulnerable target. There was not a metal article manufactured and marketed, from a pin or a wire clothesline to a locomotive, motor-car or battleship, that did not contribute along one or another of the web's filaments to the aforementioned Van Vechten fortune. Hence, literally, he was the "Man of Iron."

There was only one person who had ever been wholly at ease in this man's presence—his nephew, Rudolph Van Vechten. Of the hundreds who came in and went out of the New Street offices, this young man alone seemed wholly oblivious or indifferent to the fact that Theodore Van Vechten had but to utter the word, and he would be extinguished.

And in this circumstance, might be found the secret of a feeling approaching closer to affection than the older man had ever before experienced. Admitting that Rudolph was an idler and a spendthrift, that to him the commercial world was primarily an incubator of vulgarity and snobbishness, yet the ruler of that world was pleased that this young man not only did not fear him, but that he could do nothing, with the aid of all his might and power, to stir his pulse one beat the faster. There was a limit even to Theodore Van Vechten's dominion!

But nobody ever suspected the existence of any such thoughts or feelings behind that iron barrier—least of all their subject. Rudolph did not court his uncle's companionship, altho he must needs marvel at and admire him, as one does a colossus. The younger man's ample fortune was at the master financier's disposal. Rudolph knew only in a vague way that his extravagant demands had been insufficient to deplete or reduce it—that on the contrary it had grown—and he felt in duty bound to serve on divers boards and directorates, and vote as his uncle suggested. He kept his conscience clear by never inquiring what it was about. He would not have understood had he been told.

He paid his uncle a visit on the Monday afternoon that Tom Phinney was cruising around Long Island Sound in his friend's catboat. It was typical of all such occasions.

No other person living could have walked into the Presence unheralded; Rudolph seemed not even conscious of the outer army of clerks, nor the more potent obstructions who posed as such, but who in a contrasting environment would have been recognized as "bouncers." He entered [illegible] of course found his uncle busy. The circumstance was pointed out to him.

Rudolph ignored the other two men present.

"I see that you are," he retorted carelessly, "and I am sorry that I have to intrude. But you always are engaged, you know, and it would be idiotic to wait. I'll hurry up and get thru."

The forceful regard rested pointedly upon the young man's monogramed cigarette. Unmoved, Rudolph flipped it away.

"Pardon me," he said; "I forgot your aversion. I came to see you about Paige."

"Well?"

Rudolph was brief and to the point.

"Last Saturday ended the third week since Paige and Josephine left Paris for London. In a letter mailed just before starting, Paige informed me that she expected to remain in England two or three weeks—three at the longest—and mentioned a number of friends she proposed visiting. Some I know, and some I don't. Since then I have had no word from her. Have you?"

Mr. Van Vechten pressed a button. It might have controlled the door instead of the clerk, so promptly did the later appear. To him he said:

"Have Timmons get out the latest Devereaux letters, and show them to Mr. Van Vechten when he comes out." And turning to the young man again: "I suppose it will be impossible for me to knock off to meet them. And this uncertainty about a sailing date is disarranging your plans—h'm, I see. If you could cable——"

"To what address? How would it look to send cables to all our London acquaintances, asking if they know where Paige is? The newspapers would be sure to get hold of it. She and Josephine are the ones who should be cabling—or at the very least, send a card."

"Well," decided the older man, "look at Jo's last letters; if they don't contain something definite, go wherever it is you want to—just so it isn't too far away. It will not be long until we hear from one or the other of them; don't forget that this is a lark for Paige. Timmons will be instructed to inform you as soon as I hear from them."

An inspection of Mrs. Devereaux's letters, which Timmons handed him when he emerged from the private office, shed no light upon the two ladies' movements or intentions. For as long as she had been Paige's companion and chaperon, it had been Mrs. Devereaux's custom to mail a semi-monthly report, particularly while the girl was in school and at the

conservatory; but the current month had brought no such communication. Paige wrote only when the spirit moved her, which was seldom; and so her silence was in no way remarkable. But it seemed that a woman of Josephine Devereaux's mature experience should realize the advisability of keeping him and his uncle better informed.

Paige knew, it began to be inferred, was an orphan; she had been since early childhood.

However, he straightway forgot her—thought of her no more for about five minutes, when she was brought to mind again in a most unexpected way.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GOLD MESH PURSE.

SINCE his talk with Detective Flint yesterday, Van Vechten had been scarcely able to drag himself away from the Powhatan's front windows, notwithstanding he was pretty certain that Napier 1313's occupants had departed.

Had he not beheld Flint enter the place, a searching party of his backers and doubtless another at the house's rear—within a half hour after he and the officer separated? And had he not seen Flint come out again, empty-handed?

At least he had so interpreted the smile and nod with which the unobtrusive detective favored him from across the street.

He was not curious to learn what had been discovered in the silent house; SHE was no longer there; but it was certain comfort was to be derived from proximity to a place that had sheltered the beautiful girl whom he had come to think from his thoughts. It was much the same sentiment that impels a lover to haunt the scene of past delights. And so when Van Vechten, instead of having been vouchsafed the least modicum of encouragement, had been openly and emphatically rebuffed—

On leaving the Man of Iron's office, he walked slowly toward Broadway, where he stood casting about for a taxicab, when an alert, assured young man accosted him.

"May I have a few words with you, Mr. Van Vechten?" the stranger politely inquired, standing hat in hand. Van Vechten accepted it and experienced a twinge of apprehension as he read:

T. JENKINS
Representing
THE NEW YORK SPHERE

Nevertheless he presented a smiling visage to the reporter.

"I can imagine what you should want with me," he returned pleasantly enough. "If you think because you saw me come from my office that I——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Van Vechten, but I'm less snoot him and his affairs than do the fellows that drive the trucks."

While speaking he had signaled a cab, which now drew up at the curb. It offered a modicum of escape that he was not loath to avail himself of.

But the reporter's next words stayed him. "It is not about your office or his affairs," said Jenkins quickly. "I don't want to detain you, Mr. Van Vechten, I would appreciate it very much if you would give me some information about Miss Carew."

Van Vechten could not restrain a start of surprise. Then:

"Will you tell me just why you came to me for this information?" he asked—"why you are seeking it at all?"

"Why, it's this way," returned the alert young man, his quick eyes on Van Vechten doubtfully. "I trust you won't be offended, but of late I have heard considerable talk concerning Miss Carew's present whereabouts. It seems strange, you know, to people not acquainted with the circumstances, that she has not returned to New York, or that some announcement of her movements has not been made public."

With sudden decision, Van Vechten moved to the cab.

"Get in, please. I'll drop you at Park Row, or anywhere you wish on the way uptown." He directed the chauffeur to his club, and after they began threading their way up Broadway, he turned again to the reporter.

"Look here, Mr. Jenkins, I can't see why people should be so curious over my cousin's movements. She is merely taking a much needed rest before coming home and entering the whirl of round of social affairs. One needs all the energy and strength at one's command for that sort of thing, you know."

"Where, may I inquire?"

"In England—with friends."

Mr. Jenkins smiled. "That's sufficiently vague," he commented. His sharp eyes studied the other a second or two. Then he said:

"Mr. Van Vechten, I am going to tell you something. Some time ago—shortly after Miss Carew's graduation—I heard some such statement was given publicity and generally accepted as the truth. Yesterday our London correspondent notified us that the lady was not to be found; that, in short, she had not been in London at all. Our paper sent him a list of families with whom she might be sojourning, but so far we have not heard from him. Honestly, doesn't that sound odd to anybody outside your family?"

This intelligence alarmed its recipient, but he did not show it. He overly suggested, suavely: "London, as you are aware, is not all England. In truth, it is not part of England at all—to anybody seeking quiet and rest."

"True enough. But it is the central information bureau when it comes to gleaning news about anybody that is anybody, wherever they may be in the United Kingdom—or out of it, for that matter."

Mr. Jenkins' laugh was of a nature to disarm resentment and invite confidences. "Come, Mr. Van Vechten," he continued brightly, "you can be franker with me and not bring about any disastrous results—I'll guarantee that. If you pause to consider my point of view. Here it is:

"Miss Carew's social position is the very highest; she is a distinguished figure not only in New York, but her beauty and charm and talent—her genius, I might say—have been heralded all over the country. For a week or more cablegrams were fired at her London flat, telling upon her brilliant performances as a musician. Next it is announced that she is to come immediately—an event even for New York. And then—dead silence. When society—the public—has such a keen hold upon her interest in her, it's not fair for her to hide herself away.

"Don't you think," he concluded by asking, "that you ought to tell me where she is?"

Van Vechten was not a stranger to this adroit form of angling; at another time he even might have enjoyed it; but now his unresponsiveness was attributable to an ignorance which must be concealed.

"I am sorry," said he, "that I am not in a position to gratify your desire. I must respect Miss Carew's desire for seclusion." He spoke a trifle stiffly, which was not like him at all, and felt decidedly uncomfortable.

Then came the one dreaded query: "Do YOU know where she is?"

He was nettled. "Really," he returned, "you appear to be attaching undue importance to the whole matter of my cousin's location—indeed without any warrant whatever, I assure you. Regardless of my cousin's position, she is entitled to the same right to privacy as anybody else. I repeat that I respect her desires, and must insist that you do so also."

Jenkins pressed him no further. The cab had now arrived opposite Washington Place, and the reporter asked to be dropped.

Van Vechten, on his arrival at the Powhatan, found Mr. Flint waiting for him.

The detective produced from his pocket a gold-mesh purse. "Did you ever see that before?" he quietly asked.

Van Vechten, after one glance, knew that he had given Paige that purse himself. But there were thousands of similar purses, and the circumstances signified nothing.

"Open it," said Mr. Flint.

The young man obeyed mechanically. His nostrils were assailed by a delicate, familiar fragrance, still he was not consciously apprehensive. He perceived a pair of gloves, a small purse containing a few hairpins and an old-fashioned silver cardcase. He viewed this latter with a shock of surprise, for the moment he had it open and one of the cards in his hand.

To his utter amazement, the card bore his cousin's name.

All doubt and uncertainty respecting the ownership of the articles were now removed; he knew it to be his cousin's. He had known it, he admitted feebly to himself, from the instant Flint laid it in his hand.

But no association of ideas formed yet in his mind. Only a confused jumble suggested themselves—these would come presently and with a rush. For the time being he was conscious only of dizziness, the seeming impossibility of the thing.

One thought alone clung persistently in his mind: Paige was in England, and here was her purse in New York. It might have been possessed—and within an hour, too; the faint, sweet perfume was so much an intimate part of herself, so typical of her exquisite femininity, of her individuality, that her presence here in the room with him was almost conceivable.

No wonder that he was dumfounded. No wonder that he remained staring blankly at the glittering object until the detective's voice aroused him.

"Mr. Van Vechten," said Mr. Flint, "do you know where Miss Paige Carew is?"

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE DARK.

NOTWITHSTANDING his exciting experience of the night, and the rough treatment to which he had been subjected, and notwithstanding the wretchedly uncomfortable position in which he was forced to lie, Tom Phinney's day upon the water in time began to produce its natural effects. He slept fitfully after a while, again and again coming to himself with a start from the very verge of slumber; and then at last, when his cramped position no longer annoyed him, when his arms and legs grew numb and ceased to pain, he slept profoundly.

After some hours he shot broad awake to a consciousness of two things—that the hour was late, and that he was not alone in the room. The darkness was still pitchlike, no sound had disturbed him; yet he sensed another presence.

He suppressed an immediate impulse to call out, and concluded to await developments. Minutes passed, and not a sound did he hear to confirm his first conviction—all he was no less certain that there was somebody else in the room. A movement on his part, he concluded, must betray him. The intruder, therefore he lay stiffly quiescent, scarcely breathing in his anxiety to locate the unknown's position.

At last his patience was rewarded. The intruder must have been holding his breath also, for he finally heard an unmistakable exhalation, then a faint stir, a rustling of garments. And then a thrill went thru him. He was suddenly aware of a faint, delicate fragrance. He knew that the intruder was a woman. "She is trying to find me," he said, scarcely above a whisper, "I am here."

The first word was met with a stifled, startled gasp.

"Don't be frightened. Lord knows I'm harmless enough."

Followed a silent pause; then came the soft rustle of skirts, and he knew that the woman was groping her way toward him. He ventured to guide her steps with low-voiced directions, and by and by he felt the contact of her foot. Next she made feeling for him.

"Whatever you do," he heard a tremulous whisper, "be quiet. If I am caught I'll say I did it everything; I dread to think of the possible consequences. But I couldn't sleep for thinking of your predicament—and then to me—I must hurry. I have come here to release you. If everything is all right—I mean, if you can satisfy me that I am warranted in freeing you—you can go. Otherwise I must leave you as you are; and I—I don't want to do that."

"And I don't want you to, believe me," breathed Tom, fervently. "Are you the girl who asked me my name downstairs?"

"Yes."

"I want to hear your voice again. But more than anything else I want to see your face. If you're the same girl, I'll agree to anything—even to remaining here, like this, all night."

This rash declaration was ignored.

"Will you tell me your name now?" asked the girl.

"Tom Phinney," that young gentleman replied simply. "I shan't ask yours—not at all necessary, I know. You can tell me some day. I mean to have you to myself some time, so that I can look at you to my heart's content. I know you are beautiful."

The girl gave a flash of spirit. "Much good it would do you to ask! If you don't remain quiet I shall leave you at once."

If silence was what she wanted, surely she could not complain of the intensity of that which immediately ensued. It remained so long unbroken that the girl's fortitude gave way.

"Well?" The tremulous whisper conveyed a distinct impression to Tom—she was afraid. "Are you going to stop talking so silly?"

But he did not speak; indeed, he was once more fast asleep.

After another pause—"Are you asleep?" the girl whispered. "Have you—have you—fainted?"

Not a sound from Tom. Presently he felt a little hand touch his breast, as lightly as a feather, and a warm glow spread thru him. Then suddenly he relished the chill of his damp clothing. Then the hand fluttered to his face, and, in the darkness, rested a moment upon his mouth.

Afterwards Tom stoutly asserted that what he did subsequently was merely citing as valid corroborative evidence the fact that he had had no time to WILL. For act and act they were in close contended that because the act WAS inadvertent, it was sincere and therefore to be condoned. Anyhow, he kissed the softest and sweetest palm in all the world.

The immediate result, however, nearly spelled disaster for this midnight enterprise. The hand was withdrawn as if it had touched a hot coal, and the girl rose, utterly disregardful of the noise she made in doing so.

Tom could hear her panting; in imagination he could see her standing white and rigid with terror, and he was promptly carrite.

"You are frightened," he said, abjectly apologetic.

"Oh, I am—I am!" she moaned. "If you knew what this means for me you would be so foolish. All my life long I have been afraid of the dark—not just shivery afraid, but frightened clear out of my wits. And you—you"—Tom caught a sob—"you make it so much worse. I didn't know what had happened."

"What do you think of me?" he groaned.

"I think you are a cheeky young man. I must have been insane ever to have thought of aiding you to escape."

"Don't say that," he muttered in hoarse consternation. "Forgive me—please do. I shan't take back anything I've said or done, but I'll promise to be good—to do exactly what you say."

There fell another pause. Then——

"Will you promise that?" whispered the girl.

"I have promised," Tom whispered back.

"On your word of honor?"

"On my word of honor as a gentleman."

He heard a long sigh of relief, and the girl cautiously resumed her former position at his side.

"Here is the plan," she said, "and you must be obedient to every little detail. I shall have to blindfold you again and lead you some distance from the house. Have you any idea where you are?"

"Not a glimmer of one."

"And if you were out of sight of the house, you couldn't find your way back to it?"

"If you told me not to I shouldn't even try to find it."

"Very well. Now let me untie your hands."

The task was not an easy one, for the knots had been tightly tied and were still damp. But presently his hands were free, and the first unhampered movement of his arms wrung from him a groan of anguish.

"Hush!" the girl cried in alarm.

"I—I couldn't help it. My blood is burning like the very devil—the deuce. I'll be all right in a minute."

And after a bit, when the circulation was restored to the benumbed members, Tom submitted to the removal of the bonds around his ankles. He rose unsteadily to his feet.

"If I could only stamp a few times," he said.

"Mercy, no!"

"Oh, I won't. What next?"

While he lent himself submissively to the operation, she bound one of the handkerchiefs about his eyes, tucking the fabric and disposing of it in such a way that by no possibility could he see when he got even a single glint.

"Give me your hand," she said curtly.

And so, with infinite caution, and without attracting the attention of any of the household, Tom was led down the stairs—every step being indicated by a hand-clasp—and out into the night.

Presently he divined that he was being guided round in a circle, but made no protest. Neither spoke until the girl halted.

"Now then, Mr. Phinney, listen to your final instructions," she said in a low voice. "You are in the middle of the road that leads to Rocky Cove, and facing the river. You are to stand here and count one hundred, slowly, then you may remove the handkerchief from your eyes. Bear in mind that you are to count one hundred slowly—I promise——"

"The conditions are hard," returned Tom. "If I am willing to agree, surely I am entitled to some slight consideration in return?"

"Well?"—impatiently "You must hurry!"

"Promise me that I can see you some time."

"Why in the world do you want me to promise that?"

"Because," said Tom warmly, "you are the girl I have been looking for all my life—the girl——"

"How ridiculous!" she coolly interrupted. "You don't know me. If you were to meet me—anywhere—any where—you wouldn't know that I am I."

"I would," Tom stoutly protested. "Anywhere, I would know you among a million. Tell me that I can see you—soon."

There was a long moment of silence, during which Tom waited eagerly for her next words; but when at last they came they were disappointing, cold and were weighted with such a note of sadness, that he was startled.

"I am afraid," she said, "you may discover who I am much sooner than you can possibly expect. But you will not want to know then; conditions will be such that people will shun rather than seek my acquaintance. You will regret even this distant meeting in the dark.

"But you have been very good to trust me so implicitly. Now I must leave you once more. Good-by. Let me hear you begin to count."

A Tom, standing blindfolded in the moonlight, raised to his lips the hand of the girl he had never seen, with all the gallant courtesy of a medieval knight paying homage to his lady. There was a reverence in the act that held the little hand captive in his own.

Tom began to count in a low monotone.

A mild rustling of garments, an overpowering sense of aloneness, told him that the girl had left his immediate presence. When he tore the bandage from his eyes, he was alone, the night's stillness was absolute.

Flint's investigations and other things further set to this mystery. There is action aplenty in the installment which will appear in the Ledger next week.

* * *

Thrown In.

"WHY is Jones always tagging around that girl?"

"She's worth a million."

"Trying to marry her, I suppose?"

"No. He was thrown in with the million."—Judge.

RED FOX

By H. M. Egbert

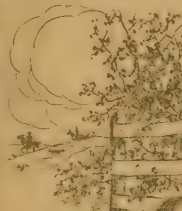
[Copyright.]

RED FOX showed his teeth in a grin as he entered his burrow. He had had no adventures worthy of the name that afternoon, but he meant to have some that evening. That afternoon he had merely slunk through the heather investigating the food supply. Now he curled himself up snugly in a sandy nook and prepared to sleep until night.

Red Fox was a bachelor. He was a monster fox, and one of the oldest of the county. His splendid fur was known [illegible] leagues. He had bilted his wits against the hound time and again and always won.

Life was nothing without the spice of adventure. They say it is fox for the hunt as much as the men, the hounds, and the horses. Red Fox was hunted three times a week, and he knew every trick of his trade. Sometimes, when his strength and speed began to fail him, the inevitable end would come. The hounds would tear his slim body, his pads and brush would be cut off to adorn some hall. But of that Red Fox knew nothing. He thought that he was immortal.

When night came he slunk out and was soon racing at a gallop across the [illegible]



He Began to Be Vaguely Distressed.

[illegible] that he had escaped had a new chicken [illegible]

It was the work of a moment for Red Fox to leap from a bough to the [illegible] gallopping side by side. It seemed to Red Fox that there was a certain hostility between them. Red Fox could scent friendship and enmity in [illegible] as animals that [illegible] could be [illegible]

[illegible] He did not know what it was [illegible] knew that it spelled danger [illegible] the farmer, muttering, put the sun down and let Red Fox gallop away. For nobody dares to shoot a fox in England unless he wants to bring down upon his head the wrath of a hunt-loving countryside.

Red Fox trotted slowly toward his burrow. But at a distance of five hundred yards some instinct caused him to stop. He scented danger. It was a man, somewhere near him, and he knew that the man was not passively hostile as all men were. He was [illegible] enemy.

Cautiously he skulked forward until he came within sight of his burrow. Then, crouching in the undergrowth, he saw the man bending over it. Red Fox skulked there until the man was gone.

When at last, by devious ways, he reached it he found that it had been opened. The man was the earth-stopper, and he had blocked Red Fox's home so that he should not be able to evade the hounds on the morrow. It would be a chase to the death—his death!

Vaguely uneasy, Red Fox sniffed about the place, and then, warned by his same instinct, he trotted about half a mile away, to a spot where he knew he lay down and devoured the cockerel. Afterward he went to sleep, with one ear detecting and the other alert for possible enemies.

The sun had been up some time when Red Fox lazily stretched his limbs and prepared to stir. But as he did so he scented a peculiar and hated odor, so like his own that he snarled his teeth in [illegible]

It was not that of a rival fox. [illegible], but of the sniffing hounds that patrolled the [illegible] country.

They had scented him and were on his trail. Behind them rode the master and whipper-in, and grouped in the distance was the crowd that had gathered for the hunting.

Suddenly, with a bay, the oldest hound dashed forward toward the wood where Red Fox lay. And instantly Red Fox had leaped from the covert and was racing along the [illegible]

The huntsman blew a blast upon his horn. The hounds bayed, the hunters hurried up at the gallop. In an instant the whole field was on the track of the hounds, and they were pursuing the lean, lithe shadow that raced over the heath.

The huntsmen strung out in a long line. They saw Red Fox no longer, but his scent was plainly discernible, and so his first burst of speed was greater than theirs, it could not last. Red Fox [illegible]

Red Fox had been hunted [illegible] and had always gone free. [illegible] began to be vaguely distressed. His meal [illegible] hearty one and he knew that [illegible] respite. He came unto [illegible] down it to throw [illegible] emerged on the same [illegible] half doubling upon his tracks. He [illegible] in a patch of furze to [illegible] and [illegible]

He showed his teeth [illegible] time in a laugh, as he [illegible] hounds vainly casting up and [illegible] His scent [illegible] scent. He trotted quietly along the [illegible] to the sun [illegible] with [illegible] evident [illegible] took up the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

At the Sign of the Open Eye

By Chart Pitt

From eight bells, at W. D. Boyce Co.'s

THE Puget sound drizzle hung like a pall over Seattle. The night was filled with the monotonous drip of water from the awnings and the hollow hum of owl-cars swinging out upon the last lap of a long day's run.

Dugal McArthur paused for a moment in the sheltered doorway of a second-hand store. His shabby legs ached from the hard pavements he had pounded that day in search of work. He had visited every employment office a dozen times. But the warm waiting-room at the dock always lured him back to the waterfront where he tried desperately hard to beg, like a passenger waiting for the boat, while he cooked some of the silver out of his bones. It had been a fruitless day. When night came, to supper bell called him in from the street. The morrow gave promise of nothing better.

A month before an accident had crippled the index finger on his right hand. It was not a serious thing in itself—but it came at an unfortunate time for Dugal McArthur. The draft had fallen like a whip upon slacker-ess and secret sympathizers of the enemy. Word had gone out among the faithful that any mishap to the trigger finger would defeat the object of the selective army—and a crop of self-mutilated traitors had roused the loyal to arms. The door of no shop or factory was open to a man thus marked as an enemy of liberty.

Dugal McArthur's accident had been born fide—but he wasted a lot of valuable time trying to make people believe it. In the desperation of despair he had squandered one and precious two-bit pieces upon a flesh-colored finger-cot, hoping to deceive the sharp eyes of those who hired men. But the device brought nothing more filling than a smile of pitying contempt. By midnight the hunger pains were gnawing at Dugal McArthur's vitals.

Wisps of fog slipped along the sodden streets, like weird ghosts in the sickly white light of the sputtering arc lamps. The chill crept deeper into the bones of Dugal McArthur and drove him from the sheltered doorway and out into the endless drizzle. With doubled determination he adjusted his pair for an allnight promenade, until

[illegible]

After a while other footsteps sounded in the homeless night, a firm, determined tramp behind him. Dugal McArthur pretended not to notice. He knew what it meant, and stiffened himself to meet it.

A rough hand was laid on his shoulder. The unfortunate man turned a frightened face toward his pursuer. Behind him stood a brass-buttoned man of the law.

"It's chuck up there on top of the Union Depot," the officer snarled at him. "If you're not at 2 o'clock I'll dump you in the cooler—see?"

Dugal McArthur needed no explanations. He got the cop's message and quickened his pace up the slippery street. McArthur was between the devil and the deep sea. One meant fifteen cents, the superficial of the earthly currency. The other he would be obliged to go "on the bum" for days, if necessary, enough to get one of the bits that were pasted on the walls of the employment office. The fifteen cents would get him a make-shift breakfast at the lap restaurant over on Second. Not a penny was left for a bed in which to rest his weary body and relax himself temporarily in the realm of low life.

Dugal McArthur wondered then the difference. The streets from his second-story window offered a thrilling about life as he traded dumbbells into the night. Behind him were the lighted streets of the business district filled with cabs in their hurry to make their last car-fares at the theaters. He himself should attempt to force an entrance upon the better form of people who owned homes, automobiles and paid taxes to keep the police in spending money. At four o'clock tonight there would be no door open to him. Not even the kindly spirit of his silver-haired friend would stand between him and destruction.

A fleeting vision of the old man on the lonely street, like the spirit of a vagabond that had begged for bread on the kings highways and byways, could find no rest in the life beyond. Dugal McArthur shuddered at the thought. The old fighting spirit within rose up in resistance to the trend of events that was in store for him once he was "sent up the river" with the crooks. Some way he must live and find work. Only thru toil could a man make his way back to the heights—the plebeian silver and the aristocratic gold, that would be the thing—sought.

"Only thru hard work—unless" he debated with numbed thoughts. "No, he answered himself finally. "Never again—never again will I go down to the last dollar." A moment later he found himself thinking, and determined to send me to jail, it won't be with empty pockets." He turned back and bared his teeth in a wolfish snarl toward the lighted street.

"The law," he fumed. "What good does it do for any of you fellows that have homes and [illegible] get it—but let your pockets get empty and they'll set the bloodhounds on you!"

Then the noise of footsteps on the sidewalk ceased—but there remained the [illegible] of Dugal McArthur's mind and he stiffened himself to meet it.

Time and [illegible] and soon the massive carriage of [illegible] but at the moment it had stopped before the door of a passing [illegible] had swallowed up in the [illegible] and [illegible] the door closed. He had seen [illegible] and [illegible] were honest and [illegible] to pay the [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] of fairies were dancing in [illegible] to [illegible]. The fear of the law had turned him into a [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] a dread of [illegible] that was willing to the [illegible] for the food with its [illegible].

Slowly but surely the [illegible] settled upon him that Dugal McArthur had fought [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and the world and [illegible] forward. Dugal McArthur [illegible] under the cover of darkness [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] were losing against him. He had lived an honest life, and that was the reward [illegible] honesty [illegible] [illegible] dread [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"I Ain't Going to Stick a Knife Into Your Ribs, You American Pig," He Chuckled.

voices fluttering in the fetid murk about [illegible] voices from the [illegible] acrid smell of poppy smoke caught at his nostrils. He struggled for a breath of fresh air—even the rain-[illegible] air of the street.

Then he felt the cords that bound him to an upright timber or post, like a broken limb trussed from end to end against a monster splint. His old fears rushed upon him; and new fears that were as yet vague and undefined in his brain. A low voice was speaking in English—English that had the soft broken accent of one who was born be-[illegible]

"We don't dare send this fellow out like we did the others. The whale-captains don't care where they get their crews—but they're Americans—d—d Yankees from New England—and they'd put back into port in a hurry if they thought they were playing against the Government."

The answer came back in the rattle of pigeon English. "White [illegible] hatum police—bely much hatum police."

"He isn't from the police—he's a d—d Government agent," the white man snarled.

"No, him just fool stool pigeon," the Oriental maintained. "We send him up clatchum whale."

"What—you getting cold feet?" the other man scoffed. "Or are you turning [illegible]"

The [illegible] of Dugan McArthur [illegible] at the words. He had been called a traitor, and the police were persecuting him to the limit, but he was an American [illegible] to the core. [illegible]

[illegible]

You swear [illegible]

[illegible]

There was no question [illegible] manner of men into whose hands he had [illegible]en. It was a foreign spy operating [illegible] gang of Chinese outlaws—the [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible]

where [illegible] men [illegible] man continued in [illegible] "There's other work to do—and is the night."

"The blood tong can wait a thousand [illegible] minutes," the other broke in [illegible] "There's fifty thousand [illegible] in the camp—[illegible] men.

"[illegible] I want your yellow [illegible] the trail. The camp [illegible]ty—and there'll be [illegible] will drink their [illegible] I go down on a can-[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] manner of place in which [illegible] been imprisoned. It was a base-[illegible] the light came thru a multi-[illegible] partition just be-[illegible] The helpless man [illegible] his head until a section of lamp-[illegible]

[illegible] he caught a glimpse of blue-clad legs [illegible] blessed [illegible] Upon the thoroughness of [illegible] depended the safety of the Expeditionary Army over at American Lake. The bound man tried to call out to them, but the sound died in his throat.

Once more a pistol barked, this time [illegible] night-sticks beat a sinister tattoo, that was followed by a hollow [illegible]

The light went out beyond the board [illegible] and Dugan McArthur was left alone with his agony.

The minutes passed. A rat gnawing among some garbage over in the black vault of the basement cut like a rasp upon the overwrought nerves of the man who had been so close to rescue—and had been left behind, prol[illegible] starve in the torturing grip of [illegible]

Suddenly the [illegible] thing, he knew not what. Then he heard [illegible] nearer in the dark. It was not the hon-[illegible] fearless tread of the police; but the [illegible]itious approach of one who [illegible] the law—the law that was made [illegible] was it only for the [illegible] McArthur's wealth con-[illegible] dollar and fifteen cents, [illegible] in life outside those same blue-coated men who had ordered him to cover an hour before.

[illegible]

[illegible]d—some new horror that only the sinister brain of the East could invent. The step of the unseen fiend drew closer in the dark. Then suddenly the cellar was filled with a dim light from a lantern which the visitor had [illegible]

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Why She Couldn't See Him.

The young lawyer was defending a man accused of burglary, and the woman whose house had been entered was under examination.

"Madam," asked he, "what time of night was it when you [illegible] in your room?"

"Close to [illegible]," came the reply.

"Was there a light in the room?"

"No."

"Could you see your h[illegible] side?"

The lawyer frowned impressively and shot a side glance at the jury as he fairly thundered: "Then please, madam, explain how it was you could [illegible] the prisoner and yet not see your husband?"

"My husband," was the quiet answer, "was at the club."

Dangerous Mode.

[illegible] suppose I didn't hear him."

Her Difficulty.

Bessie was telling rather excitedly about a dream she had, when suddenly she stuttered, gulped and stopped without completing the sentence.

"Why, child, what's the matter?" her mother asked.

"I swallowed a word," answered Bessie with a rueful smile.

Proof of the Pudding.

She (to her returned soldier)—"You've been making love to those French girls."

He—"Why do you think that?"

She—"Because you've [illegible]

Just an Accumulation.

Patron (to waiter)—"Give [illegible] please."

Waiter—"What did you have?"

Patron—"I haven't the slightest idea [illegible]."

[illegible] ma'am. I've a sick wife—could you help me out?"

[illegible] I can give you a job next week.

Beggar—"Too late! She'll be able to go to work herself by then."

Bings' Flivver.

[illegible] Bings still running that old flivver he bought in 191[illegible]

"Still running is right. He's junked the chassis, burned the body and is sawing wood with the engine on a sta[illegible] Still is the word."

Overburdened.

Parke—"Senator Sideswipe seems to be [illegible] person."

Wood—"Yes, it is some sort of [illegible] trouble."

[illegible]

Wood—"Mouth orga[illegible]"

Parke—"I fail to get [illegible]"

Wood—"Well, he prepared a [illegible] before [illegible]"

[illegible] disappointed [illegible]

Wood—"Yes; but it isn't that [illegible] fact that he is still carrying it [illegible] in his system."

Limited Vision.

Two soldier boys from the West, who had been hurried to the coast and on board ship in the dark, were next morning surveying with open-eyed wonder the boundless stretch of rolling blue around them.

[illegible] "And [illegible] Jim, you only see what's on top."

It Puzzled Him, Too.

"Now, Lieutenant Tompkins," said the General, "you have the battalion in quarter column, facing south—how would you get it into line in the quickest possible way, facing northeast?"

"Well, sir," said the lieutenant, after [illegible] fruitless consideration, "do [illegible], that's what I've often wondered."

A Humanitarian.

"What [illegible] your objection to children?" asked [illegible] man who was hunting a flat.

[illegible] the janitor. "I haven't the heart to ask anybody with children to move into [illegible] that was as short of heat as [illegible] was last winter."

His Independence.

"Who is really boss in your home?" inquired the abrupt person.

"Well," replied Meekton, "of course Henrietta assumes command of the pug dog and the canary. But I can say pretty much what I like to the goldfish."

Hurt Their Feelings.

Irate Autoist—"You had a nerve to charge me $800 for this car."

Dealer—"What's the trouble?"

Irate Autoist—"The people I run over consider it an insult to be hit by such a flivver."

She Knew Them.

Farmer (engaging lady farm hand)—"All right, you can go and attend to the animals. I hope you'll suit me."

New Hand—"That's all right, sir. I've had a lot to do with pigs."

High Candle Power.

Patience—"Why was Peggy's house so brilliantly lighted last night?"

Patrice—"Oh, it was her birthday, you know, and I guess she had all the can[illegible]"

The Rising Prices.

"I advise you to have your trousers patched this year."

"I have just been looking up the cost of materials. Do you think I can afford the patch?"

Very Old Family.

Maguire—"Family tree, is it? Shure wan of me ancistors conthrolled the intire timber privilege of the Garden av Aden."

Mistress—"Mary, you had a man in the kitchen last evening. Was he a friend of yours?"

Maid—"No, indeed; that was my husband."

A Mistake.

Tommy Atkins—"'Ere, I say, orderly, I've got pains all over me an' all I'm getting is two or three little tablets a day."

Orderly—"That's all right, my man; the medical officer is treating you for gastritis."

Tommy—"Gastritis! I bloomin' well [illegible] something wrong. Why, I ain't [illegible]"

A Sporting Chance.

[illegible]

[illegible] there are on the street, sir. Some of them may go [illegible]

Literally.

"I see the Smiths' garden fete is hanging fire."

"How so?"

"They're decorating with Chinese lan[terns]."

[illegible]

"I asked her if I could see her home [illegible]"

"Said she would send me a picture of it."

What and How.

Lady of House—"You say you work. At what?"

Hobo—"At intervals."

Only Method.

[illegible]

Convenient Gossip.

[illegible]

The Ready Agent.

[illegible] stress of the ho[illegible] no buttons [illegible] Putting [illegible] door, the [illegible]

No Distinction.

"Tell me where [illegible] the post [illegible]

Probably Bluffing.

"I don't think that girl is [illegible] into [illegible] slightly."

"True, but now she is powdering her [illegible]"

"What did the leading [illegible] when you told her her makeup was [illegible]"

"She said nothing, but I notice she changed countenance."

New Measure of Time.

"How long has your wife been gone down town?"

"Oh, about three [illegible]"

Anagram.

127—My first is in water but not in earth.
My second is in death but not in birth.
My third is in run but not in walk.
My fourth is in listen but not in talk.
My fifth is in friend but not in foe.
My sixth is in Tom but not in Joe.
My seventh is in sell but not in buy.
My eighth is in pastry but not in pie.
My ninth is in water but not in milk.
My tenth is in gingham but not in silk.
My eleventh is in play but not in act.
My twelfth is in statement but not in fact.
My whole is what everybody should buy.

Nine Hidden Trees.

128—"Hello, a kite has gone up," the children shouted.

Harry drew a map. Leon drew a box.

I asked whose top it was, and they said: "Will owns it."

They drew some lines on the sidewalk and began to hop in each square.

A bee chased a boy around the house.

The sweet pea Charlie planted never came up.

Which boy is most popular, Chester, Archie or Nell?

The helmsman has to learn before he can steer a large vessel.

Put the butter in the ice-chest; nuts and apples on the table.

Reversals.

129—After you have found the first word, reverse the order of the letters and have another word.

1. A carpenter's tool and a verb in past tense.
2. A boy's name and a cave.
3. A numeral [illegible]
4. The present [illegible] of [illegible] victory.
5. A negative and a meas[illegible]
6. A heavenly body and [illegible] posts.
7. An invisible substance [illegible] center.
8. A coarse grass and [illegible]

A Word Square.

130—
• • • •
• • • •
• • • •
• • • •

1. A combination of letters.
2. A preposition meaning above.
3. A girl's name.
4. To sketch.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

123. Square Word.

P	L	O	W
L	O	V	E
O	V	A	L
W	E	L	T

124. Anagram.

Telephone.

125. Jumbled Vegetables.

1. Cabbage. 2. Asparagus. 3. Leek. 4. Thyme. 5. Parsnip. 6. Radish. 7. Potatoes. 8. Eggplant. 9. Squash. 10. Peas.

126. Riddle.

A [illegible]

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Too Much So.

[illegible]

Fair Exchange.

[illegible] to eat one [illegible] returning to the bakery he [illegible] an indignant complaint, demanding another bun in place of the inhabited one [illegible] said the shopkeeper [illegible] back the [illegible]

A Well-trained Steed.

[illegible] American choked a German officer in a Berlin restaurant the other day without [illegible] possible. Right on the [illegible] how did he do [illegible]

Helpful Hint.

[illegible]

Bam!

[illegible]

The Other Fellow.

[illegible]

Heavy.

The Professor [illegible]

The [illegible] Man [illegible] letter [illegible]

For a While.

I see [illegible] gone to work.

How [illegible]

[illegible] the way of [illegible]

Out of a Job.

"What was that [illegible] occupation who came asking you for a job a while ago?"

He said he used to be [illegible] president."

So It Goes.

[illegible]

The Hero.

"Was Jack cool during the air raid the other night?"

[illegible] "Why, he was so cool his teeth were chattering all the while!"

Convenience.

[illegible]

Patriotic.

[illegible]

Getting Even.

[illegible]

Close Up [illegible]

[illegible]

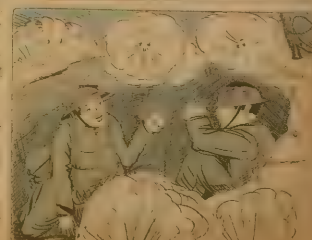
[illegible] My mother-in-[law] [illegible]

The Brighter Side.

[illegible]

Choice of Voices.

[illegible]



Private—"Say, Corporal, I've got the hiccoughs [illegible]"

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[illegible] 1918 by W. [illegible] Co.

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GENTLE JABS

It is easier to find fault than to lose it.

The moth exhibits much taste in dress.

He who loves and runs away will have fewer bills to pay.

Some men actually know a few of the things they believe.

Memory is weakest when one makes a small bet [illegible]

Self restraint is listening to an argument without butting in.

When you bury an old animosity never mind the [illegible]

What is one man's automobile is another man's [illegible]

When a gossip comes in everybody present weighs his words.

A watched pot never boils, but a watched oil stove never smokes.

Love is a great help to the girl who wants to make herself miserable.

A boy will sometimes try to explain his mistake; but so few people will listen.

If a woman is beautiful enough, she can follow the [illegible] of beauty [illegible]

[illegible] selfish because he can't help it, and [illegible] for the same reason.

Waves, like some men, arrive at the seashore in [illegible] and go away broke.

Cool as a cucumber must have been slang before the watermelon was thought of.

Feel a smile first before perpetrating it, for what [illegible] than a [illegible] smile?

In order to get the best of an argument all you have to do is state your side and walk away.

Why is it we [illegible] a safety razor pulls our whiskers and only [illegible] when a pretty girl does it?

A man who insists on paying the bill for the whole crowd can usually have his way if he is [illegible]

When a young [illegible] finally gets married, the [illegible] are unanimous in condemning [illegible]

[illegible] to improve an- [illegible] according to your own plans in [illegible]

[illegible] that people who are [illegible] to make one [illegible] pun [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] toiling ten years over the washtub to support a worthless husband, an Ohio woman sued a railroad company because it let one of its trains run over him.

THE EDITOR HAS HIS SAY

SEVERAL weeks ago we published in the Ledger an article entitled "Fears' Fangs Easily Pulled." One never knows what effect some articles will have. This particular article has brought us a letter from a reader in the [illegible] North which is decidedly interesting. He says, in part: "I thank you a million times. I've been read wonderfully helped to put away my fears that were put into me when I was very young, and which had been a fearful source of suffering to me for 60 years. I was afraid of my own shadow, but your article has done me a world of good." We are indeed glad that this reader wrote to us. We hope that the Ledger always will do good thru its columns.

THIS matter of fear is largely a matter of imagination, of [illegible] another [illegible] with another [illegible] who [illegible] their greatest [illegible] but [illegible] to leap [illegible] either [illegible] trembling and [illegible] could see [illegible] Calmly, [illegible] that her [illegible] made the [illegible] worse that [illegible] told her the [illegible] that [illegible] display of God's wrath [illegible] time to [illegible] From that [illegible] fear [illegible]

THUS [illegible] with a great [illegible] are [illegible] tribute to the [illegible] his doubt [illegible] power. To build up real will power [illegible] requires hard and constant practice. A long time ago the editor read a book, a small book at that which contained a story that was [illegible] wonders with those who read it. It was a gripping story [illegible] the reader to things he never had [illegible] It paved the way to success. Many [illegible] that book and have found a new impetus to their lives, a pulling power that lifted them out of the rut into which they had fallen. No one would say that this story in itself could do any such thing. The [illegible] of the story could have [illegible] a human [illegible] But it was the spur to [illegible] the leading [illegible] the opening of these floodgates of thought that accomplished such wonders.

READING, by the way, is the surest way to make something of your life. Were you [illegible] an [illegible] Have you given up for it? Are you discouraged, in a rut? Has your work become a burden instead of a pleasure? Do you look upon the world with a jaundiced eye? Do you feel that you never can have the things you want? Read, read, read and [illegible] into your life you will feel creeping a new spirit and the [illegible] that have held you down will [illegible] There is no doubt that if you want a thing enough, if you will think of it constantly, if you will keep hammering toward your goal, some day the gates that bar you from that thing will swing open for you. And some other fellow who is down will call you a "lucky stiff," while all the time you will know that you have arrived at the goal you had set because you made up your mind you wanted a thing and went after it.

A VERY intimate friend once told us that he had been on the verge of [illegible] out of work and felt life no longer was worth living. He sat [illegible] make away with himself [illegible] of a newspaper [illegible] [illegible]

THE editor [illegible]

The Editor.

FROM YOUR HOME TOWN

Girls, Capture Metz!

Private Ed Metz is home on a furlough. Ed is a fine looking soldier.—Altus, Ark., correspondent of the Ozark Spectator.

It Has Been Did.

May we suggest to the managers of the [illegible] drive that they engage the services of J. P. [illegible], auctioneer, Racine, Wis.

The Awful Wool Shortage.

Received from an Iowa farmer [illegible] "I wish you would send me a sample copy of your Orange Judd Farmer [illegible]"

Signs of the Times.

Announcement [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] for the Money.

[illegible]

But, My Dear, What Will Mr. Hoover Say?

The [illegible] much work [illegible] Record.

So Do We.

[illegible] Rainwater [illegible] Saturday [illegible] the Arabian [illegible]

In the Henhouse Sector.

[illegible] Daniel Kramer's little black and white dog [illegible] a skunk in the chicken-house at 5:30 a. m. on Friday, the canine was badly gassed, but he would not give up the fight until he had [illegible] Ill., News.

Some People We All Know.

[illegible] little [illegible] Sunday [illegible] parents [illegible] Lone Oak correspondent of the [illegible], Ark., Herald News.

Griggs Is Afloat.

Oka Griggs has at last walked the gang plank of courtship to the vessel of matrimony. He is now steaming down the streets of bliss to the [illegible] of the Honey [illegible] The happy bride is [illegible] Powell. His boy friends gave him a [illegible] night with cow bells [illegible] saws and [illegible] Oka set up the cigars and they all wished him and his bride a long and happy life in the years that are to come.—Guilford, Mo., Times.

An Iridescent Opportunity.

Now is your chance for a [illegible] smith business at [illegible] do the work that comes to me [illegible] a change. [illegible] a good blacksmith [illegible] want a [illegible] himself at hard [illegible] to quit this [illegible] 1919, or sooner [illegible] —Flemingsburg, Ky. [illegible]

All Around Business Man.

A sign from Orange, Texas:

[illegible]

The Poor Laborer.

Wanted: [illegible] attentive [illegible] willing to advise the boss [illegible] platform and wish a personal interview, address "B-51," Quincy, Ill., Whig.

Can You Tell Us a Good Ending for This Story?

Prize Contest Announcement

ONCE upon a time, as all good stories should begin, the Editor was immersed in thought when the Advertising Man, who was the fondest fond papa of the whole establishment, blew in joyfully. He was prepared to narrate the latest doings of his first-born, who about that time had reached the age when he was making cute remarks which Fond Papa sent to the daily papers, in the hope that it would be printed among the "Bright Sayings of Children," and thereby win one of the dollar-in-cash prizes which goes to all those whose contributions are accepted The Advertising Man did not care about the dollar, but he did have an ambition to see some of the bright sayings of his child in print.

"I've got a new story on that kid of mine," he began in the breezy manner of all advertising men. Now, the Editor had been fed up with stories of that youngster. The Editor never had seen him, but he had a well-formed opinion that the Advertising Man's offspring was only a chip off the old block, whose deluded parents believed him to be a genius. The Editor was sorely tempted to tell the Advertising Man to go to, but Advertising Men are the ones who bring in all the money to a paper and the other departments are not essential, (if you don't believe it, ask any advertising man) and the Editor refrained.

"Shoot," he said, wearily, and went on about his work, smiling inanely as if enjoying the story, but really hearing very little of the first part and none at all of the last. Thus it happened that he missed the point of the joke, whatever it was, but he laughed accommodatingly and said, "That's a corker," and saw with relief that the Advertising Man had departed in search of other victims.

Later the Editor got to wondering just what that story was. He didn't like to ask the Advertising Man and he didn't want to admit to any one else that he hadn't heard the story which seemed to have made a hit all over the shop So he decided to tell the readers of the Ledger as much of the story as he remembered and let them find an ending that will fit it. To the three persons who submit what the Editor believes to be the three best endings of the story, the Ledger will pay $5 each. In case more than one person sends in the answer which the Editor believes one of the three best, $5 will be paid each of them. All answers must be mailed before December 1, the postoffice stamp of your home town to decide, and the winners will be announced in the Ledger dated December 21, 1918. There are no other strings attached to the contest. Simply write what you think is the best ending of the story and mail it to The Contest Editor, Chicago Ledger, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The little [illegible] was naughty and his mother had threatened to switch him soundly. The youngster took to his heels with his mother in hot pursuit. She was unable to catch him, however, and he took refuge in a far corner under a bed. Finally commands and threats alike failed to move him, and his mother, being rather stout, refrained from going under the bed after him. And now the child's father was due home shortly and the mother decided that the whipping could wait. Father could on time and would whip the boy well. "I'll send him out," he declared, and made his way to the bedroom. Dropping to his hands and knees, he started in under the bed.

That is as much as the Editor remembers. Now, what happened? If you are good at telling stories, perhaps one of them can add that will be one of the three best submitted, in the Editor's opinion, and win one of the $5 prizes

The Bride of Golden Mountain

(Continued From Page 7.)

wife. I put them on the track. I guessed she'd go to Saratoga—old Duchaine was mad about the crazy system of his, and had been writing to him.

"He used to know Daly when they were young men together at Saratoga and Montreal, and in Quebec, in the times when [illegible] horses and high-stepping were. I tell you it was ticklish. There was millions of dollars' worth of [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] at her, with [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

Patriotic Sweater Coat for School Wear

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

THIS sweater of wool substitute is patriotic and the little girl who wears it for several years will enjoy wearing it, for she knows it not only will be worn by her older brother if he is in the service, but by something in the second generation after. This wool substitute knits more like the real wool than is knit on the same needles in cotton, mercerized or mohair, and the inch and measure [illegible]

[illegible] can be [illegible] required [illegible] break thread. Turquoise knit plain for 4 rows, knit across [illegible] for one row, repeat * for 6 rows plain [illegible] rows, then 8 rows across in purl back, break thread. Join the khaki [illegible] required. Then bind off [illegible] bind off [illegible] knit [illegible] bind off [illegible] one shoulder outside [illegible] knit across on the [illegible] rows, for the shoulder front, cast on 3 sts on each of the straight or both edges. Then cast on 1 st to meet those on the back and give [illegible] sleeves. Knit straight for 2 rows, adding 1 st on each 6th ridge side, make the border [illegible] back. If the sides should [illegible] add 1 st on each 8th ridge [illegible] down.

Slip the sts from the pin and [illegible] finish the opposite shoulder [illegible] front. Turn back the lapels and front as shown in the illustration, press flat and tack across the lower edge.

For the sleeves, cast on 24 sts, increase 2 sts on each side of each ridge for 2 ridges, then cast on 4 sts on each side of next ridge for the underarm, making the sleeve 10 inches wide (if sleeve should be wider or narrower, make the change in the number of sts cast on) knit plain for 15 ridges.

Next row, knit across the cuff, knit 2 together, knit 1, decreasing by 1 st on each side of the sleeve, knit 9 ridges straight, decrease, * knit 5 ridges straight decrease, repeat * twice, or for the length of sleeve without the cuff, break thread, join the turquoise and repeat the border, finishing with 3 ridges of khaki. Bind off. Sew up the sleeves, and repeat for the opposite sleeve. Sew up the body and join the seams, sew in the sleeves.

For the collar, take up the sts along the neck and both shoulders, not the fronts, of the khaki, knit 3 rows, join the turquoise, knit across and purl back for 4 rows, then knit plain for 6 rows, then knit across and purl back for 6 rows, then knit for 8 rows and bind off.

For belt, of khaki cast on 14 sts, knit 4 rows, repeat the border of turquoise, then knit 45 inches of khaki and repeat the border, bind off. For the fringe cut a piece of cardboard 12 inches wide, over this wind the turquoise and cut the one end, knot 3 threads thru each end st, skip 1 st between each of the remaining knots. Tack the sash securely to each side seam.

For the buttons, use wooden molds 1 inch in diameter, of the turquoise, make 5 ch sts, join forming [illegible] into this circle [illegible] Second row: * s c into [illegible] into the next st, repeat * [illegible] Third row: 1 s c into [illegible] for the next 2 rows [illegible] necessary amount to cover [illegible] For the buttonholes [illegible] is worked over the back of [illegible] between [illegible] faces in a way [illegible] shorter [illegible] row brim of buff and over [illegible] ing of buff velvet [illegible]

WOMEN SUFFERERS MAY NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention the Chicago Ledger.

Dictates of Fashion.

S[illegible] girdles are made of buttress [illegible] velvet ribbon ending in jet tassels. White organdie [illegible] are collared in [illegible] ruffled [illegible] A [illegible] cloth is splendid for many occasions [illegible] bound about with wool fringe. Braid some of the [illegible] jacket.

Turquoise silk trimmed with [illegible] makes an attractive frock. [illegible] leather [illegible]

Autumn Modes.

HIP length blouses are very fashionable. [illegible] Entirely ermine has shown itself unsuitable [illegible] a smart blouse [illegible] street frocks. [illegible]

Interned Coats.

SOME very good looking [illegible] coats have been turned of wool in their outer fabric. They are made of heavy satin and are lined with bright colored [illegible]

The Made-over Dress.

W[illegible] the skirt was cut straight [illegible] top, it can [illegible] same way for the blouse [illegible] a new waist line with more [illegible] new [illegible] with a bolero of the [illegible] cut out of [illegible] the edge of the [illegible] like that [illegible] a deputy frill [illegible] charming dis[illegible] as may be wo[illegible] s of to the dance [illegible] surance that alth[illegible] quite the th[illegible]

Novel Notes.

D[illegible] shades of velvet [illegible] [illegible] brocaded [illegible] a familiar [illegible] heavy fur.

Renovating Helps.

A NOVEL way of mending a [illegible] silk dress in which [illegible] has been torn and when [illegible] weight should be put upon it until it is dry, when it is only possible to discover the mended place by careful observation.

Square Jet Buttons.

S[illegible] one of the new trends. The [illegible] for otherwise the heavy, square jet buttons would pull it down.

Getting the Cape Effect.

TH[illegible] not a matter of [illegible] ment, that will answer for [illegible] coat. But the cape effect is [illegible] to wear up for a whole season without [illegible] ort to retain it in fash[illegible]

Pads and Fancies.

S[illegible]

Avoiding Pinmarks.

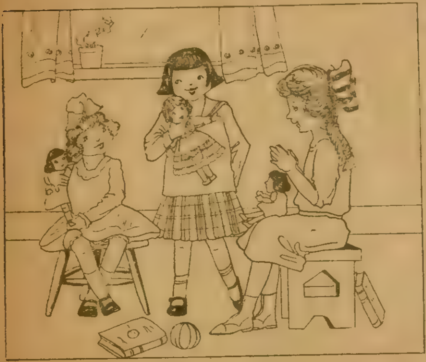
TO AVOID having to use [illegible] which pins [illegible]

WONDERFUL EGG PRODUCER

[illegible] expert, puts [illegible] hens, Kansas [illegible] of "More Eggs" [illegible] for $1.00 (prepaid) [illegible] You are not absolutely satisfied dollar will be returned on receipt the "More Eggs" costs you nothing. Send a dollar today or ask [illegible] for his free poultry book telling [illegible] experience of a man who made a fortune out of poultry. Adv.

The Talking Dolls

A Story for Children



Weenty Telling Her Friends About Her Funny Experience.

THE clocks downstairs were striking twelve—altogether just as good clocks should—when Weenty sat up with a start and listened. It wasn't the clocks she listened to, but a wee voice in the corner.

"Yes, she forgot to put us to bed," it was saying, "and your face is so dirty, [illegible]"

"[illegible] what do I care," Jack[illegible] answered. [illegible] Weenty knew who [illegible] walked across the room to where [illegible] Fanchon and Ja[illegible] ing his face off with a corner of the window curtain in spite of his saying pooh! pooh! about his dirty face.

Fanchon was sitting bolt upright and when she saw little Weenty she got up with a squeaking of her joints.

"Dear, dear, I forgot to put you children to bed!" Weenty said, quite ashamed of her neglect.

"I'm not sleepy now," Jackie said. "See how nice and bright it is!"

"Yes, but good children go to bed at [illegible] Jackie," Weenty declared. "Come, [illegible] your face first."

"Do," cried Fanchon, "his face is posi[illegible] I was just going to get [illegible]"

[illegible] Weenty [illegible]

[illegible] and pouted out [illegible]

[illegible]

Fanchon [illegible] to watch the [illegible] to get it.

[illegible]

Fanchon clapped her hands [illegible] Weenty wiped the [illegible] with a wash cloth.

[illegible] Weenty said.

[illegible] Jackie [illegible]

"No, no," said Weenty [illegible] be a naughty child. You had a good [illegible] have a[illegible] you mustn't [illegible]"

"Well, you do, sometimes [illegible] I've heard you." Jackie nodded.

"Dear, dear," said Weenty. [illegible] again, because it's a very [illegible] and naughty way to act."

"He ought to be spanked," Fanchon [illegible]

[illegible] Weenty said. [illegible] he won't get one [illegible] bath the rest of [illegible]

[illegible] but I do like to swim," he said. "What['s] the use of being a sailor if [illegible] swim."

"What's the use of [illegible] if you can't be good and [illegible] people love you?" Weenty asked.

"But I am good," Jackie declared.

Weenty carried them both to her little crib and climbed in her[illegible]

"Is that more comfy than the floor?" she asked. Fanchon and Jackie both cuddled close to her.

"It's de-licious," Jackie said.

"Tomorrow I will take you out [illegible] park and show you to [illegible] friends," Weenty promised, thinking how [illegible] everybody would be. But the next day, when she awoke—what do you think? The dollies were quite stiff and like other dolls—and Weenty heard Nurse say, as plain as anything:

"[illegible] poor things were lying on [illegible] so I tucked them in with Miss [illegible]"

Now wasn't that queer?

Bunny and the Miller's Boy.

IF YOU are curious you will find
A lot of things to do,
But, goodness me, you'll quickly see
They'll make a fool of you.
So only do the things you ought,
The things your mother always taught.

And, oh, dear me! Billy Bunny almost ran his legs off these busy fall days trying to find out what everybody was doing. And another person, too, was trying to find out what all the little people of the Friendly Forest were doing, and that was the Miller's Boy. Yes, sir, he certainly was a busy person. If he didn't have his gun with him, he had a big stick, and if he didn't have a big stick, he had a shovel with which he could dig out some of the little animals who had hidden themselves away in the ground for a long winter's nap.

One day as Billy Bunny was looking out of the Old Brier Patch he saw the Miller's Boy coming across the Pleasant Meadow with a gun on his shoulder, and right at his heels was Sic'em, the farmer's old dog.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the little rabbit to himself, "I'm not afraid of that old dog, and as for the Miller's Boy he can't see me, for I've seen him first, and then the little rabbit popped into his burrow and told his mother all about it.

"You had better close the back door," said Mrs. Bunny. "There's no sense in being careless just because the Miller's Boy is a poor hunter and old Sic'em hasn't got but one tooth," and then she peeked out of the little window, but there was nobody in sight.

So pretty soon Billy Bunny hopped outside and cautiously looked about him. And would you believe it, there was the Miller's Boy looking at him not three feet away.

Well, sir! If you ever saw a bunny turn a somersault backward you'd have seen it just then. Why, that little rabbit's heels went over his head so fast that the lollypops in his knapsack didn't have time to fall out. And then he closed the front door with a bang. And I suppose you'll wonder why the Miller's Boy didn't break in the door. Well, I'll tell you. When the little rabbit jumped head over heels backward he kicked up such a cloud of snow that it blinded the Miller's Boy and he couldn't see a thing until he took off his red mittens and got out his pocket handkerchief and wiped his eyes, and by that time the snow had fallen down again [illegible] ered up the little rabbit's front door.

"Shucks!" said the Miller's Boy. "Where did that pesky rabbit go?" But Old Sic'em didn't answer, for he didn't know, either, and neither would I. Sammy Snowbird, who was sitting close by and saw the whole thing, hadn't come to my window sill this morning and told me.

What She Liked.

BEFORE the war, he was a specialist [illegible] one of [illegible] leading his men "over the [illegible] the States on a sp[illegible] sion.

One night he spoke to a delighted audience in an out of the way village in Wyoming, a hundred miles from the railway.

He noticed a little girl about 14 years old, sitting open-mouthed on the front row during the whole of his two-hour speech. Later, she came with the others to shake hands.

"Lieutenant," she said with a shy smile, "I could listen to you all night. I do love to hear you speak your broken English."—Judge.

Particular.

EDWARD, aged 6, was sent to a barber's shop to get his hair cut. The [illegible] who attended to him had red hair.

"Would you like [illegible] your hair cut like mine?" asked the barber with a kind smile.

"No, sir," answered Edward. "Cut it some other color, please!"

Cough-fee.

CUSTOMER—"Waiter, a little bird told me this coffee was not strained."

Waiter—"A little bird, sir?"

Customer—"Yes, a swallow."

Table Manners.

TOMMY had been invited to dine at a learned professor's house, and his mother was anxious for his good behavior at the table. She gave him elaborate instructions.

"Well, Tommy, how did you get on?" [illegible] asked on his r[eturn].

"Oh, all right, ma!"

"You are quite sure you di[d] [illegible] thing [illegible]"

"W[illegible] at least [illegible] to [illegible] of [illegible]"

"[illegible] there [illegible] was someth[ing] wrong. Now tell me all about it, Tommy."

"Oh, it wasn't much. You [illegible] trying to cut my meat, when [illegible] off my plate on to the floor."

"Oh, [illegible] dear boy; [illegible] what d[illegible]"

"I just said sort of careless [illegible] always the way with tough [illegible] went on with my dinner."

Seemed One Short to Susie.

"CHILDREN," said the Sunday [school] superintendent, "this [illegible] trates today's lesson. Lot w[as] [illegible] to take his wife and daught[ers] [illegible] Here are [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible]

His Clean-less Day.

LEONARD'S hands were badly stai[ned] from [illegible] some black walnuts. On Sunday [illegible] celebrated his birthday and just as [the gu]ests were [se]ated at the table mamma said, "Leonard, I believe [illegible] would [illegible] stain o[n] your hands [illegible] he [re]plied, "Why, mamma, you don't think I would use gasoline [illegible] you [know] this is gasless d[ay]."

Twin Jokes.

FIRST SCOUT—"Did you ever hear the story of the two holes?"

Second Scout—"No, what [illegible]"

First Scout—"Well! Well!"

Second Scout—"You got me then, but you never heard the story of the two men."

First Scout—"What is it?"

Second Scout—"He! He!"

FREE TO ALL WOMEN

Our MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM is a wonderful remedy for women who suffer from ailments peculiar to womanhood. Write us for a free trial package. Try it and it may do for you what it has for so many others. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box E, South Bend, Ind.

STUFFED UP WITH "A BAD COLD?"

Get busy with a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery at once

Coughs, colds and bronchial attacks—they are all likely to result in dangerous aft[illegible] unless checked at [illegible]

And how effective [illegible] King's New Discovery helps to do the checking work! Inflamed, irritated membranes are soothed, the mucous phlegm loosened freely and quiet, restful sleep follows. 60c and $1.20.

All druggists have it. Sold [illegible]

Constipation Emancipation

No more lazy bowels, yellow complexion, sick headache, indigestion, embarrassing breath, when you use as a corrective Dr. King's New Life Pills. They systematize the system and keep the world looking cheerful. 25c.

$1.00 PANTS MADE TO MEASURE

Not $1.00, not even 50 cents, not one cent cost to you under our easy conditions. No extra charge for fancy styles, belt loops, golf bottoms, pearl buttons, all FREE. Before you buy a suit or pants, before you take another order, get our free samples and new offer.

We Have a New Deal That Will Open Your Eyes

Agents of other tailoring houses please write too. We ask every man to answer this, every boy in long pants, every man, everywhere. No matter where you live or what you do, write us a letter or postal and ask for this wonderful, new, free tailoring deal. Costs nothing. Write today. Address

KNICKERBOCKER TAILORING CO
Dept 72, Chicago, Ill.

ALL THIS FREE

[illegible] strap, Gold plated La[illegible] [illegible] 12 [illegible] at 10 cents each. We [illegible]

EAGLE WATCH CO.
Dept. 36, East Boston, Mass.

To Promptly Clear Out Rats, Mice

and bugs, Simply Note which foodstuff they are after, and stir Rough on Rats into a removed portion of it. Having no odor or taste they naturally eat it. "Don't Die In The House." *"Always Does the Work and Does It Right."* End them all to-night with a 25c or 50c box. At Drug and General Stores. Used the world over. Used by U. S. Govt. *Try it.*

AGENTS WANTED

Do You Need MONEY?

Out of work? Got a lot of spare time? Need increased earnings to meet the high cost of living? Want to buy Thrift Stamps and Liberty Bonds? In any case write for my offer to

MEN AND WOMEN

It's an opportunity to earn extra money by doing local advertising work for a line of famous food products needed in every home. Can be done in spare time and will not interfere with regular work or household duties. Many others are making $15 to $35 a week extra money. Write me for particulars today.

ALBERT MILLS, Mgr., 8754 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

BIG MAIL FREE!

Would you like to [illegible] rs, wholesalers and [illegible]

AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists [illegible] Write your name very [illegible] so the printer will [illegible] you without fail. We [illegible] Directory List [illegible] several years and [illegible] Send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today.

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

FOR HIS PEOPLE

By Alvah Milton Kerr

[Copyright, 1915, for W. G. Boggs Co.]

A [illegible] the few whites of the reservation, Copper Sky stood in fair esteem, but with the American and Spanish elements of Alamos, the valley's only town, and in the regard of the cattlemen of the region, there lurked a distinct prejudice. Within the memory of persons living in that quarter of Arizona, the red men had indulged in several unforgettable spasms of scarlet spite, the acid of which lingered in people's minds, unfavorably coloring their estimate of Indians severally and en masse. The Copper Sky was the son of a chief, the fact remained that his blood was of a strain that had lent itself to one-time dangerous leadership, therefore his ambitions were scorned by the whites rather than encouraged.

In behavior he bore himself for the most part with dignity especially when in contact with the whites. The latter extended him scant consideration, for was not an Indian an Indian? Besides, old Loping Wolf, his savage father, was now but a chained wolf, impotent, sullen, helpless and fed like a beggar by the race that dominated the soil of his tribe, hence but little honor accrued due the son, and little was given. The saving thing was that Copper Sky, seeing this very clearly, did not turn sulky and bitter.

Books told him the astonishing story of the white man's progress and triumphs. The chronicle to his mind blazed with marvels. He himself was heir to a chieftainship, but, measured by that which he read, his inheritance was unspeakably paltry, a leadership of straw.

Many questions touching his people were not at first whole and cogent queries, but rather stray suggestions that slipped in misty tricklings thru his reveries. But when time and certain influences had placed him in the school [illegible] at Carlisle, [illegible] became big and restless [illegible]. The realm of humidity, the vast reaches of green fields and forests and [illegible] rities, thru which the train carried him on his way eastward to the school, filled him with amazement. Extraordinary as it seemed, rain-water was the foundation of greatness and riches and power. In the brain of the Indian boy bloomed a beautiful and goodly dream.

Among the three thousand volumes in the library of the school Copper Sky found an illuminating book, a work on irrigation, the exposition of a process that might make the parched regions that he knew so well flower with beauty and with wealth. Through his five years of work and study at Carlisle the vision [illegible] the West hour [illegible].

As best he could, thru books for the most part, but sometimes by observation, he studied the rending power of explosives, the resisting strength of stone and woods, the qualities of cements, the weight and strain of water and the work of machines that dug with the strength of a thou[illegible] hands. He lived his life [illegible] for the day of tria[illegible].

The years went at l[illegible] when he was twenty [illegible] Loping Wolf [illegible] was the [illegible] but there were new and amazing things [illegible]. The entire [illegible] en force, [illegible] towards the [illegible] Thunder Mountain, and [illegible] the valley the young [illegible] widened and his da[illegible] ing from his [illegible] Copper Sky [illegible] they entered the old [illegible] Ten miles below [illegible] below that the agen[illegible] scattered tenees and little [illegible] people. There were mor[illegible] at Alamos and upon [illegible] time of his departure, but [illegible] of the valley metamorpho[illegible] process; there, a couple, [illegible] the mouth of Tortilla G[illegible] was building, and all [illegible] cleared of cact[illegible]. Copper Sky gazed wonderi[illegible].

"The town—the people [illegible]" he asked excite[illegible].

Irrigation schemes [illegible] the driver.

Copper Sky's strong [illegible] of sudden light. "The dam—it [illegible] in the gorge," he cried [illegible]

[illegible] vouchsafed the driver with indifference and cracked [illegible] whip [illegible] the dusty horses.

Copper Sky laid [illegible] his arm. "Stop! [illegible] I will see!" he [illegible] with joy.

The driver [illegible] matter—what's it [illegible]

The young I[illegible] ing bag from [illegible] feet and jumped to the groun[illegible] Copper Sky's trunk at it[illegible] go to see the dam," he so[illegible]

"Wait—we turn off [illegible] couple of miles and go [illegible] the new town. You kin [illegible] gorge from there by wagon road," protested the driver.

"Leave Copper Sky's trunk at the agency," was all the young red man answered and swung northward, never looking back. All the length of him worked with muscles that had left a record of their strength in the athletics of Carlisle. His bronze face lifted eagerly, his feet struck swiftly thru the rattling mesquite grass, as he ran. At the end of an hour he had traversed twelve miles and was at the mouth of Tortilla Gorge.

"Say, where's the superintendent—where is he?" he asked of some men who were repairing the wagon road.

"Up at the dam; ask for Hoover," replied the gang boss.

Copper Sky bowed gravely and pushed his way into the canyon. To the young Indian, looking at the imposing structure, the white man seemed indeed very great. Upon the dam and about it many men were toiling. Derrick cranes were swinging blocks of stone to the top of the growing wall, steam hoists were whirling tubs of cement from the mixing beds to the upper tiers, the canyon mittered with the crunch of stone chisels and the clanking of hammers, the reports smoke and roared now and again with the resonant burst of blasting powder. Copper Sky fetched a deep breath of satisfaction. He had stood in this canyon years before, when the [illegible] walked along the [illegible] men looked up and [illegible] The clad in a white [illegible] soft, lithe step [illegible] black hair and [illegible] strong nose [illegible]

"Ain't that old Wa[illegible] chief?" queried [illegible]

"Looks like [illegible] down t Vernal [illegible] back soon. Say, what's that? [illegible] cactus, [illegible] W[illegible] king. Spos[illegible] to [illegible] the man who [illegible] the works, and [illegible] station in [illegible]

"I did [illegible] N[illegible] pitch on [illegible] out [illegible] scornful [illegible] has [illegible] the [illegible] "I work [illegible] Burns [illegible] in the [illegible] mallet and [illegible] inside his [illegible]

[illegible] Yes."

"What do you [illegible]

"You [illegible]

I. Came Upon Him in a Clamor of Awful Sounds, the Smitten Waters of the Stream Leaping a Hundred Feet High

[illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"Copper Sky wishes that his people might work, might be as white men. The white man is very great."

Hurley shook his big head deprecatingly and laughed again.

The White Man Was Throttled and Hanging Over the Rim of the Dam.

[illegible] I would work, but to show my [illegible] that it is good, to show them [illegible] to show folks how not to [illegible] The red man's grave [illegible]nge.

"Have you ever handled a pick and shovel?" asked Hurley.

"I have not; I can."

"Ever done any blasting?"

"No; I can."

"Strong and able for anything, eh?"

Copper Sky looked down upon the contractor's desk. An iron horseshoe, used as a paperweight, lay there. He picked it up and with a single grip of his right hand shut the points together. He laid it back in its place gravely.

An oath of astonishment, mingling with laughter, rumbled up from Hurley's neck. "If your mental grip is anything like the grip of your fist you ought to be valuable," he said. Copper Sky said nothing. Hurley settled back in his chair and looked at him.

"Have you any influence with your people on the reservation?" he asked.

"Loping Wolf still lives; he is chief," said Copper Sky.

"But you are educated. They might listen to you. If we should want a lot of them on the canal work would you influence them to come?"

"Maybe not so great as you think," he said. "Great after money, I'll admit. But it's all right. I'll tell Hotchkiss to put you on the job. I'll tell him to put you at the blasting, probably on Gordon['s] squad. You want to be careful; men are frequently killed at that, you know."

Copper Sky looked at him unmoved, as if the last pregnant words had not been spoken. "My people [illegible] best that they come? [illegible]"

"I don't know [illegible] objections by the ot[illegible] know when I decide."

Copper Sky bowed soberly [illegible] out. He had a day that [illegible] agreeable with his father [illegible] then he came back to the "project" and went to work. That was in late October. There was need that [illegible] move with haste, the [illegible] miles of canals and ditches must be completed by the following summer. Laborers were not plentiful, the "project" being far from the populous centers. Preston tried recruiting men in K[illegible] and St. Louis, but with little success. In late November Hurley sent for Copper Sky. The next day they went to the reservation. Copper Sky made his word good: he spoke to his red brethr[en]. Strander, the Indian agent, and Hur[ley] had a hand in bringing them together. Loping Wolf grunted disdainfully when told of the purpose of the gathering, and went into his tepee and drew his blanket about his palsied form and smoked. [illegible] felt chill and old.

"The snake slips out of its skin and is new," he muttered. "The old eagle [illegible] his young take wing. It is [illegible]"

When the men of the tribe were gathered near the agency build[ing] [illegible] a mass about the high [illegible] bore the Stars and Str[ipes] [illegible] top, Copper Sky [illegible] He spoke [illegible] of the Inattoas, again it wa[s] [illegible] told them that to sit upon [illegible] ride after buffalo was a [illegible] there were no more buf[falo] [illegible] and pose in war-dances was mo[illegible] since war by his people was now impossible; to chant or speak in powwows th[at] effected no end save to quicken the physical pulses, was but as a child's play. He adjured them to quit the child-plane for the man-plane, to put idleness behind them, to make an end of mimicry.

"Work is good medicine," he said. "It gives the life bigness, it makes the arms and the head strong. The white man is [great] because he builds. He makes his [drea]ms come true. The idle they rot, [they] are as weeds. The mind, it is much. [illegible] we shall live, if we shall die [illegible] like the muscles, it makes [illegible] we end [illegible] nothing. We [g]o to [illegible] on the [illegible] ditches that [illegible] and green [illegible] may know, [illegible] and work, but [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] furn[illegible] [Pr]eston [illegible] [ur]ging the [illegible] men, but the respo[nse] [illegible] Things w[illegible]

Copper Sky climbed the height east of the dam and sat among the rocks, looking down upon the once free realm of the Inattoas. How they were fallen, how despised! His face was like the rocks about him. The mountains had dignity, the stones were strong, the soil was kind, the sun was a fountain of [illegible] sweetness, but men—were they [illegible] fighting? Even the white man, might he not be [illegible] heart? Why this insect spite? What could be done to make the conquerors think the conquered worthy? Must they abase themselves? Must they turn again to the torch and scalping-knife? [illegible] had proved these to be as [illegible] the hands that wielded [illegible] Evil begot evil, good begot [illegible] The books of the white man said so. Why did not the white man live up to his books? Copper Sky was buffeted by many waves. Toward night he went down in the gorge, he would plead with the white men. Out on the dam he met Burns. To his appeal Burns said:

"You are at the bottom of the trouble. [illegible] for you to do is t' take your[self] [illegible] tile off the job."

[illegible] splendid body [illegible] eyes flamed. [illegible] at Burns, then [illegible] only seemed to fl[ash], as a coiled spring leaps [illegible] loosened, and the white man [illegible] [thrott]led and hanging [illegible] [l]ooking [illegible] feet [illegible] quivering to kill. The Indian held him there; then with [illegible] of disgust he jerked the man [illegible] stood him upon his feet and [illegible] Hot with shame, Burns [illegible]

[illegible] above the [dam] [illegible] Rains had fallen [illegible] in October and November [illegible] had been [illegible] fluid might

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be saved. Slowly the little river, which thru half the year was not much more than a rivulet, had backed and deepened and widened until its swollen body covered the canyon's bottom for four miles northward.

Affairs with [illegible] dragged on in [illegible] then again it beg[illegible] gone to Phoenix [illegible] sworn that, not only [illegible] work, but he would [illegible] son and blasters a[illegible] asked about [illegible] white wor[illegible] them to [illegible] so th[illegible] [illegible]uices could [illegible] some[illegible] a clo[illegible] [illegible] The Littl[illegible] [illegible]ged o[illegible] width [illegible] of stone by the [illegible] of centuries [illegible] gorge was a beetling spir[illegible]

Copper Sky had meditated mor[illegible] once at the foot of this strange m[illegible]ment. The [illegible] sides had talked to him, the Great Spirit had whispered in the canyon. When at last the Bear's Tooth would fall it [illegible]

[illegible] steadily thru [illegible] the matter of [illegible] brought conste[illegible] heav[illegible] tain, the form of the [illegible] lost in a wallowing [illegible] square miles of mountain-[illegible] would soon be pouring into the Little Thunder. Hitchkiss knew what that meant. He dispatched a horseman in hot haste to the [illegible] with a telegram for Hurley in Phoenix. Burns and Hackworth and Gordon and others knew also what the storm on Thunder Mountain promised. Fear lifted its ugly face when the [illegible]

[illegible]ixer confessed that he had battered the gate-screws. He was all but torn to pieces by his maddened comrades. Hour by hour the depth had been increasing, augmented mainly by the flow from the northwestern [illegible]

[illegible] Thunder poured its flood i[illegible] voir? What would happen when the flood should roll over the ragged apex of the dam from end to end, tearing out thru the half-completed headgates of the canals? [illegible] shifted, the green [illegible] be made and the whole fabric crumble! Then, what of Vernal and Alam[illegible] [illegible] the gates of the undersl[illegible] monstrous strain might be relieved [illegible] of the big screws with cold chisels, working in wild fever, but the task was slow and near [illegible] came closer and [illegible]

[Cop]per Sky was at the Indian ca[illegible] just below Vernal when Thunder Mountain cloaked itself in storm. He saw tangling fire in the up-piled blackness above the mountain; the booming of its thunder jarred the land. Without com[illegible] [qu]estion he fled into the town and, finding a horse hitched to a rack, loosened it and sprang to its back and headed th[illegible] Tortilla [illegible] below the dam, he ra[illegible] sheet-iron house where explosives were kept. Without hesitation he picked up a heavy stone and crushed the lock to [illegible] dam, conjecturing some act of deviltry by the man whose claims they had flouted, but Copper Sky answered noth-[illegible] with a basket of giant-powder sticks, [illegible] slope of the canyon. Half way up he turned and sent his voice out across the dam in a trumpeting yell.

"I go to stop the Little Thunder," he cried, and turning mounted upward.

Hotchkiss working with the men at [illegible] up. "What—where is he going? What does he mean?" he said.

"You heard what he said," replied Burns. The men stared at each other.

"He is—you don't suppose——" Hotchkiss began, as he watched Copper Sky pass out of sight on the upper trail.

Then he looked around slowly at the canyon walls and swore softly, wonderingly, in a tone that [illegible]

Upon the high trail C[illegible] northward on a long [illegible] trils wide, his line [illegible]

[illegible]

upon the[illegible]

[illegible]

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before had he ever laughed aloud. Now out of his bleeding mouth leaped wild cries of merriment, and as he turned and crept along the canyon [illegible] creeping, slowly dragged him [illegible] steep trail, by times he sank [illegible] with his blackened face among [illegible] and laughed again.

It was there, half way up the canyon trail, that Hotchkiss and Burns found him just before dawn of the next day. In the after part of the night they had come with rowboat and lantern [illegible] mouth of the Little Thunder. What [illegible] saw there touched them with awe [illegible] ing along the trail, they came to Copper Sky, prone and still, his hands [illegible] ahead of him and clutching the [illegible] from a deathless resolve to [illegible] people. Both men fell upon [illegible] beside him. As Hotchkiss [illegible] his arms and lifted him, the young [illegible] man's eyes opened, vacantly.

"He is terribly hurt," Hotchkiss whispered.

[illegible] Irishman [illegible] saw dimly [illegible]

"You're a brave lad, Copper Sky [illegible] sure. Wake up! We [illegible] Things will be [illegible] and unsteadily.

"Yes, things are all right, my boy; you saved the day. Hurley is back and [illegible] got the under-sluices open; the dam is safe," said Hotchkiss.

Copper Sky peered at the lantern as if its glow were a face. "[illegible] the Bear's Tooth has fallen [illegible] Thunder deepens—my people, my [illegible] tered, and seemed to [illegible] down and [illegible] the boat and rowed [illegible] gorge. Milky lights [illegible] day stole about the [illegible] they moved thru break[illegible] By times the young Indian [illegible] pleasurably and across [illegible] age went faint smiles [illegible] sunshine. He seemed again [illegible] he had many times in youth, [illegible] shoulder of Thunder Mountain [illegible] ing southward.

When the boat touched the [illegible] the dam Hurley and the other [illegible] there. Hotchkiss looked at Hurley, and, as if replying to a previously discussed surmise, said:

"Yes, the Little Thunder has been blocked; he blasted the Bear's Tooth."

Burns stood up in the boat. "Lads," he said, "let there be no more foolishness; men are men, white and red, let them work. Sure, the lad lyin' here has made [illegible]

[illegible] Copper Sky from [illegible] at the dam, the bright[illegible]

Broad bands of rose fell across them, the sun swung in splendor over the eastern heights. Copper Sky reached a hand toward it.

"The Great Spirit—the Great Spirit," he whispered, then suddenly his eyes cleared and he smiled, seeing as in a vision the wide valley teeming with life, and himself among his people amid the orchards and the fields.

❦ ❦ ❦

Helpful Helpmeet.

"CHARLEY, dear," said young Mrs. [illegible] "I have thought up a witticism for you to tell at the club."

"Do I have to tell it?"

"Of course not. But you [illegible] a great chance if you don't. [illegible] Baseball players ought to be put into the Navy instead of the [illegible] Go on; ask me 'Why.'"

"Why?"

"So [illegible] steal submarine bases."

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A Moonlight Idyl

By Mildred Caroline Goodridge

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HANS BREITUNG, fat, slow to move, a first-class musician but a better gourmand, seated himself at the stern of the [illegible] with a [illegible] of satisfaction.

He was glad to rest and to be away from the noisy clatter of [illegible] sentimental.

Hans was the violinist of the excursion boat band. At [illegible] he and his fellow musicians had discoursed varied melodious strains at intervals all day long. Now returning after dark, the celebrants were tired out to dance. The instruments were packed away, and his cherished violin [illegible] settled [illegible] to take a [illegible] the [illegible]

He Was Glad to Rest and to Be Away From the Noisy Clatter.

[illegible] the rail [illegible]

The water [illegible] and prevent [illegible] immediate [illegible] That part of the boat where he [illegible] sought seclusion was deserted and dark. He went under the surface to come up with the boat lights fading fast and far.

Ach! the instrument—my Cremona! was the first thought and he shot out a hand to seize and stay his drifting violin case.

Its floating qualities might have helped sustain him. His feet assisted. He was [illegible] for an expert swimmer, yet he managed to [illegible] hope shone in his eyes. The bright moonlight showed land not fifty feet distant.

But not the mainland. As Hans, panting, dripping, well-nigh exhausted, struggled [illegible] sandy incline, a sudden shock [illegible]

[illegible] gasped. "I remember now—[illegible] ted island!"

He stood spellbound, an eerie [illegible] overspreading him. On the way [illegible] fellow [illegible] had told him a [illegible] story of the [illegible] island. It was [illegible] haunted. Years [illegible] the story [illegible] musician and a virtuoso in the [illegible] arts, had lived in the select [illegible] over the mainland [illegible] genius, he had money, he was [illegible] pet of society, but all [illegible]

He had loved the fairest of the fair among the aristocratic coterie. The [illegible] was [illegible] heartbreak. She [illegible] The stricken lover had immediately abandoned the [illegible] purchased the [illegible] become a recluse. Hans [illegible] signs, forbidding trespassers, scattered over the little body of land. He had been told that the exiled [illegible] haps he was dead now. At [illegible] old set[illegible] the mainland [illegible] of the [illegible]

So Hans wor[illegible] way, if he had [illegible] pan into the [illegible] oned up the [illegible] to where the [illegible] into the [illegible] over what [illegible] et low in [illegible]

[illegible] sonant yell [illegible] ran. He [illegible] underbru[illegible] frightened [illegible]

[illegible] human [illegible] ion warned of [illegible] Lone [illegible]

He was a thin, [illegible] young man, but his eyes, burning like two animated coals of fire, told of vast pent up emotion. His restless probing glance roved everywhere as he strode on. At last he came to the violin case abandoned by Hans in his mad flight. He picked it up, observed that it dripped water and opened it.

In [illegible] a strange [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] ed in a hushed [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] growing into [illegible] and then the wild passionate [illegible] triumph and love. He was absorbed [illegible] soul seemed telling his sad story to the mystic spirits of the night.

So lost was he in his weird occupation that he did not notice a small boat rowed by a woman, another woman seated at its stern, approach the spot. The latter was dressed in deep mourning. Was it coincidence or destiny that had brought [illegible] owed only a short time since, to the scene of her early girlhood, to revive sad memories, while they floated along? Was she thinking of Adrian Hope? Aye, and of the cruel persistency of her selfish father, who for the sake of wealth had forced her to wed a man she despised!

And now that music—the love cadenza! It seemed to wrench her heartstrings. The frail boat floated ashore. She sprang out, sobbing, in tears.

"Adrian—it is I, Roselle!"

A new form came stumbling along towards the spot as those two stood face to face, one another [illegible] poured [illegible] from the [illegible] the woman at whom the recluse [illegible] as tho she were a wraith from the unknown.

The woman in the boat sat spellbound. The [illegible] down the beach, Hans Breitung, heard all [illegible] and then [illegible]

As [illegible] separated [illegible] nearer and nearer until their [illegible] twined. Hans Breitung reached out and took up his precious violin.

He [illegible] yet he was cold, [illegible] heart [illegible] and sterling, [illegible]

[illegible] he whi[illegible]

[illegible] drew [illegible]

[illegible] as a vesper's echo, the melodious notes of a wedding fantasie.

❦ ❦ ❦

Easy to Identify.

A WILD-EYED, [illegible] woman burst into the local police station.

"My husband has been threatening to drown himself for some time," she said hysterically, "and he's been missing now for two days. I [illegible]"

"[illegible] we find [illegible] body [illegible]

The [illegible] for a minute or two [illegible] slowly overspread her face.

[illegible] exclaimed [illegible]

❦ ❦ ❦

Cheering Him Up.

SERGEANT-INSTRUCTOR (to Cadet): "Na, ye'll no mak' an officer. But just possible if [illegible] keeps while an' ye prractise harrd harrd—ye micht—micht, mind ye, gin to hae a glimmer that ye'll no [illegible] the r-rumidents o' the wurrk."

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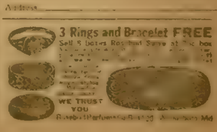

At the Sign of the Open Eye

[Continued From Page 13.]

low glow of the lantern not a saffron-skinned devil from the slums of Canton—but a white man from the slimy lizard's nest beyond the Rhine.

"You thought they had me didn't you?" the German leered. "[illegible] thought your [illegible] detectives could get Von Shultz. They got a bunch of C[illegible], but Chinks are cheap—and as long as I am free there are [illegible] boys I can get to do my dirty work for [illegible]."

Dugal McArthur made no answer and the other thought a moment before he continued.

"You might as well know what I'm going to do—for you won't be here when it happens. You'll be in whatever place they send stool pigeons when they die."

He drew a cigarette from his pocket, lighted it, and blew clouds of smoke into the face of the helpless prisoner as he went on.

"I know where the poison is stored—the beautiful Chinese vampire-dust that brings death in twelve hours—and all the doctors this side of hell can't save them. It's over to American Lake—it's going—sprinkled in the water, where fifty thousand fool Yankees are learning to shoot!"

He drew something from his pocket. "I ain't going to stick a knife into your ribs, you American pig," he chuckled. "I don't like the smell of blood." He laughed at his own joke as he gingerly fingered the object in his hand and carefully placed it on the hard floor.

Dugal McArthur felt the unloosening of the cords that bound him—felt his right arm straightened out above his head and once more fastened from the elbow down to the shoulder, leaving the forearm free.

"Hold this a minute," the man whispered. He felt something hard and round being crowded into his hand, and his fingers pressed down upon it, by the gloved paw of the German. Then a cord of roughly spun grass was drawn tightly about his index finger, and Von Shultz stepped back into the yellow flare of the lantern.

"Be careful with that thing you are holding. I tied it fast so you wouldn't forget and drop it. There's enough high explosive in it to muss up this whole basement. I'll come back after a while. It ought to be safe for an hour. Then you'd better say your prayers."

With that parting [illegible] Shultz moved away, covered the lantern with the coat and disappeared. His shuffling footsteps died out in the empty dark. The tired brain of Dugal McAr-[illegible]

[illegible]

trying to [illegible] from the [illegible].

Then he remembered. The [illegible] was securely fastened to his finger. For a moment his mental machinery [illegible] under the strain. When once more the clouds lifted, it was the faint [illegible] the watch he heard, ticking away second by second the hour of [illegible] Von Shultz had assured him was all he could expect. Instinctively he strained his cramped muscles in the effort to force the deadly bomb as far from his body as possible. His efforts soon resulted in a throbbing cramp that deadened to a torture, yet he dare not [illegible] his position, so deep was his fear of the monstrous thing he held.

Once more the rat began his gnawing among the garbage. Dugal McArthur heaved a sigh of relief. Anything was better that the sinister click click of the infernal machine to which he was chained. Then the rat ended his efforts and once more the ticking filled the empty measures of Dugal McArthur's life.

At last the doomed man found himself mechanically counting the monotonous beats of the hidden watch; trying to forget the shivering cramp of outraged muscles that were making a lingering hell of this last hour on earth. He strained his ears for some sound of the rat. He had reached the stage where pain, a rat and a slow ticking watch made up the sum total of life. Why or how he had come to be in his present predicament were very vague and unimportant things.

At last the silence was broken by cautious, shuffling feet. The steps grew nearer in the dark, and suddenly the gloomy basement was splashed with yellow lamplight, and Von Shultz stood gloating before him.

The inhuman wretch had returned to taunt him over his misfortunes—to gloat over his last agony. A burning rage [illegible] Dugal McArthur. With a wolf's thirst for blood, he strained to reach his enemy. But the cruelly sharp cords chained him fast to certain death.

"Know what your cowardly countrymen are doing?" Von Shultz challenged, as he flashed a paper from his pocket. "[illegible] off their trigger-fingers to keep from [illegible]." The man ended in a peal of laughter as eerie as the mad call of the northern loon.

But his words shocked Dugal McArthur back into the past, when he, too, had been called a traitor because of an injured hand. His numbed brain cleared [illegible] of the man's soul—an American soul that never would admit [illegible]

With a [illegible] of his forearm he sent the bomb straight at the taunting German—a bomb, with a flesh colored finger-cot trailing behind it [illegible] of grass. [illegible] sheet of flame [illegible] in the wake of the [illegible] from the [illegible]

When one [illegible] blotch of red [illegible] smoke-filled [illegible] was broken [illegible] Thru [illegible] Dugal M[illegible] forms of firemen coming [illegible] They [illegible] outca[illegible] in his [illegible] eyes [illegible] Ameri[illegible] and [illegible]

Disillusioned Kaiser.

"TH[illegible] on the [illegible] of the war" [illegible] to live at [illegible]

[illegible]

"Redface, twirling his [illegible] round his thumb carelessly, replied:

"'That's a thing I can't do, parson.'

"'Why not, my dear Redface, why not?' said the parson.

"'I ain't got no enemies to love,' said Redface. 'I shot the last one before dinner.'"

DAILY HEALTH TALKS

WHERE MOST SICKNESS BEGINS AND ENDS.

BY FRANKLIN DUANE, M. D.

It can be said broadly that most human ills begin in the stomach and end in the stomach. Good digestion means good health, and poor digestion means bad health. The minute your stomach fails to properly dispose of the food you eat, troubles begin to crop out in various forms. Indigestion and dyspepsia are the commonest forms, but impure blood, headaches, [illegible] blotches, [illegible] tongue, weakness, [illegible] sleeplessness, [illegible] are almost as common. There is but one way to have good [illegible] that is to put and keep your stomach in good order. This is easy to do if you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a wonderful tonic and blood purifier, and is safe to take, for it is made of roots and herbs. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., stands behind this standard medicine, and it is good to know that so distinguished a physician is proud to have his name identified with it. When you take Golden Medical Discovery, you are getting the benefit of the experience of a doctor whose reputation goes around the earth. Still more, you get a temperance medicine that contains not a drop of alcohol or narcotic of any kind. Long ago Dr. Pierce combined certain valuable vegetable ingredients—without the use of alcohol—so that these remedies always have been strictly temperance medicines.

If piles are torturing you, get and use Pierce's Anodyne Pile Ointment. The quick relief it gives is hard to believe until you try it. If constipated, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be taken while using Anodyne Pile Ointment. Few indeed are the cases which these splendid remedies will not relieve and usually overcome. They are so good that nearly every drug store has them for sale.—Adv.

She Smelled Smoke.

"WELL," said the [illegible] "I'm sure I don't [illegible] going [illegible] that [illegible] warmer [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] and that all the [illegible] I should have [illegible] woman's intuition [illegible]

[illegible]

"She would come [illegible]

[illegible] I tried not to [illegible] I would try to delude [illegible] wafted in thru the open [illegible] passing trains or from [illegible] ing, but the suggestion [illegible] With icy gales sweeping [illegible] would have to crawl out [illegible] pers and [illegible] mediately institute a [illegible]

"There wouldn't [illegible] and when I [illegible] seemed to [illegible] as [illegible] her just as the [illegible] blaze at [illegible] secluded corner of the house wh[illegible] I selfishly refused to share [illegible] She would say it was very [illegible] and if there wasn't [illegible] ought to be.

"I remonstrated [illegible] said even if I didn't care, she didn't [illegible] to be hurled forth into a snowt[illegible] her night clothes and perish—and, anyhow, she had just had all the curtains washed and she couldn't bear to go to all that trouble simply to have them burn up. I told her that we had a large [illegible] house in case we had to and she said that that was just like a man.

"How could she ever get another r[illegible] ber plant with leaves at th[illegible] had trained her present one [illegible] monograms on those [illegible] woman who did them had [illegible] town, and then there was [illegible] script cookbook with all her [illegible] pes, and the vegetables she [illegible] last summer with great [illegible] brute that I was.

"[illegible] had such [illegible] smoke in her own home [illegible] ed her field of endeavor. [illegible] went out to a party [illegible] ence felt by setting [illegible] some time during the [illegible] not break up the [illegible] course which the hostess [illegible] would [illegible] ly sniffing smoke [illegible] men in $90 dress [illegible] to crawl around [illegible] dusty attic, she was [illegible] as everybody [illegible] no-trump of [illegible] go all the [illegible] would [illegible] would edge [illegible] to the dr[illegible] protested that they were [illegible] bit nervous.

"I don't know [illegible] sniffing fire [illegible] did [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] could b[illegible] sure it [illegible]

Still, That Was He.

S[illegible]

[illegible] "Yes, that's him—but look here, I want you to understand that my husband is not old, nor is his nose big and red."

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Your Kitchen in War Time

Using Left Overs the Next Day

BY MARY FULLER WEST

THE time was not long ago, when even in thrifty households fish was one of the things not considered savable. The careful housewife took care to buy only so much fish for a meal as she thought could be eaten then, and if there happened to be any left over, it was thrown away. Very often the same thing happened to odds and ends of cooked vegetables. Fish cakes were considered a good joke, and the family that thought of using fish the next day, was to be pitied.

Now the housewife that does not use left over bits of fish and vegetables is considered not only a poor cook but a poor patriot as well. Everything must be utilized in these days of expensive food, and fish as well as other foods should be combined with other ingredients to make palatable dishes.

For instance, such fish as salmon, halibut, and cod can be flaked and creamed the next day, thus making an excellent luncheon or supper dish. Also, they can be combined with celery and riced cold boiled potatoes, formed into croquettes and fried. Halibut or cod can be used advantageously in making fish cocktails. Flake the fish for this purpose, and serve it in individual glasses with a sauce made like this:

One teaspoon of vinegar, one teaspoon of tomato catsup, one teaspoon of lemon juice, a half teaspoon of grated horseradish and a drop of tobasco sauce. This much sauce will do for about four cocktails.

Helpful Kitchen Hints.

MANY steps to and fro in the kitchen can be saved by using a large work table for your mixing, etc., and having ready on it a dozen two quart preserve jars in a row, containing tea, coffee, cocoa, flour, sugar, salt, cornmeal, oatmeal, rice and any cereals or breakfast substitutes. Oil, vinegar, spices, flavoring extracts, etc., all have their special place and are ready to your hand. Also your kitchen table drawer contains knives, spoons, forks, egg beater and other implements required. The glass measuring cups and mixing bowls of white agate have their special corner of the table, and the pots and pans are hanging conveniently near. It is thus easier to keep order. Using the jars has the double advantage of keeping cereals dry and fresh, and, being glass, it is easy to see at a glance when your supply of anything is getting low. With pad and pencil always on the table you can add to your supply what is needed as the oilcloth.

Always save the inner paper from your empty cracker boxes; it is useful in a hundred ways.

Use the skewers that come in your roast beef for testing cake, bread, etc. If it does not stick and come out clean you know the cake is thoroly cooked.

If you wash peas before shelling them a nourishing soup can be made from the pods.

Wipe the eggs which you use during the day with a damp cloth before shelling them, then you can drop the shells in your coffee pot and it will help clear the coffee next morning.

A slice of fresh bread put in the cake box will keep the cake from getting dry and stale.

A little saucerful of charcoal will keep the icebox sweet.

When peeling onions hold them under the cold water faucet and you will neither weep, nor keep the odor on your hands.

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A nice sandwich is made from left over fish freed from skin and bones and mixed with cream cheese. The fish may also be mixed with mayonnaise to make delicious sandwiches, and this same mixture with a little celery and green pepper added to it, makes a fine salad when served on crisp lettuce.

Scalloped fish is a dandy luncheon dish. To make it put in alternate layers of fish and bread crumbs, and pour over this boiled or canned tomatoes enough to give it flavor and color; then season and bake till browned on top.

Vegetables that are left over can be utilized for the most part in salads of all kinds. There is nothing like salads to give flavor to the meal, and the housewife should serve them often. Carrots, beets, carrots, string beans, peas, apples, celery and other vegetables combine nicely in delicious salads. Here are a few suggestions for the busy housewife to follow:

Cabbage, nuts and boiled dressing.

Beets, salmon and boiled or mayonnaise dressing.

Chopped turnips and boiled dressing.

Apples, celery and nuts with a boiled dressing.

Combination of different fruits which have been canned whole...

Chestnuts, celery and mayonnaise.

Every housekeeper will have many more combinations which she will tried. Keep a list of them, and utilize your left-overs by combining them in attractive ways.

Jellied Fish.

ONE AND ONE-HALF cups cold flaked fish, 2 tablespoons chopped capers, 1 tablespoon granulated gelatin, 1 cup boiling water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons cold water.

Mix the fish and capers. Arrange in a mold. Soak the gelatin in two tablespoons of cold water. Add the boiling water and stir until the gelatin dissolves; then add the lemon juice and salt. Pour this jelly carefully over the fish and set in a cool place to harden. Cut into portions and serve on lettuce with salad dressing. If desired, celery or hard-boiled eggs cut into slices may be added to the fish.

Sugar Saving Candy.

HOW about the skins from those big pineapples you peeled for your luncheon dessert? What did you do with the apple peelings and the peach pits? Do you throw away orange and lemon skins? Does the garbage can ever see the cores, skins and eyes of your pineapples?

None of these things should be thrown away in war time or any time. They can be used to make a delicious sort of candy known to those of the inner circle as fruit leather.

First of all, wash all fruit carefully and then simply cover all those waste parts with cold water and bring the whole slowly to the boiling point, letting it simmer gently for fifteen or twenty minutes or until the juice is extracted. Then strain it thru a jelly bag or double piece of cheesecloth into an earthenware or enameled dish.

Concentrate this juice by first boiling over direct heat, then by drying in the top of the double boiler or on platters.

Household Hints.

TO ELIMINATE stains from a leather bag apply the white of an egg, let it dry in the sun then rub it off. A paste made of dry mustard, potato meal and two spoonfuls of spirits of turpentine applied to the spot and rubbed off dry will also be found to answer the purpose.

Boiling water to which a little borax has been added will remove tea stains from the tablecloth.

Rice left in which rice has been boiled is splendid for mixing cakes and helps to keep them moist.

To prevent the yolk of the yolk of a cold, hard-boiled egg from turning black, the egg should be placed, directly after cooking, in cold water.

If you simmer sausage for about ten minutes before frying you will find them very much easier to simply fried.

Mashed potatoes mixed with a little essence of beef or fish paste makes an excellent substitute for butter.

If you add a little soda to the water in which new potatoes are washed it will prevent your hands from becoming stained.

Household Hints.

THE remains of a tin of peaches or apricots may be made a pretty sweet with the addition of a little blanc-mange. Make the blanc-mange and cut it into cubes when it is thick, form into rounds and place half a peach or apricot on each round.

When ordering a tin of corned beef, always open the tin at the largest end, after making a puncture with the tin opener at the smaller end. The beef can then be taken out without breaking it.

Don't throw away the remains of a tin of pineapple. Boil the juice to toffee and form into flakecakes. Fry in fat, and serve hot. They are excellent for breakfast.

Sardines should have been packed for at least a year before being opened. If less than this time has been allowed they are more likely to be indigestible.

A simple test for meat or fish in tins is to shake the tin. Should there be a rattling sound the contents of the tin are not good. When in proper condition they should be quite firm.

Tinned sausages and other meats put up with jelly should be quite firm when opened. If the jelly is liquid the contents of the tin are no good.

War-time Soup.

THREE cups cabbage water, ½ cup corn flakes, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 level teaspoonfuls corn starch, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper.

Boil a medium sized cabbage till very tender. Reserve three cups of the liquid with the two level tablespoons corn starch, add one-half cup of corn flakes and season. Stir gently till flakes are well blended with rest. Add butter, and rice soup is ready to serve. The drained cabbage can be fried or creamed. This soup has more nutriment than and as much elegance as the tapioca bouillon of the big banquet table.

Baked Indian Pudding.

ONE-HALF cup Indian meal mixed with a little cold water, turn over 1 quart of scalded milk, two-thirds cup of molasses, one tablespoon of lard, 1 teaspoon each of salt, ginger and cinnamon.

Pour into buttered baking dish and bake slowly four hours or longer; add 1 pint of sweet apples, quartered, and 1 cup of raisins and bake. While baking pour over cold milk every hour. Serve with flavored sweet cream.

Buckwheat and Corameal Griddle-cakes.

STIR 1 cup of cornmeal into 1 quart of scalding milk and add 1 scant teaspoon of salt. Cool, add half a yeast cake dissolved in ¼ cup of lukewarm water, then stir in enough buckwheat flour to make a soft batter. Let rise over night and add tablespoon molasses and 1 teaspoon of soda dissolved in 1 tablespoon of hot water and bake on a soapstone griddle.

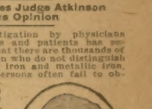
Peanut Cookies.

CREAM two tablespoons butter substitute and four tablespoons sugar, add four tablespoons milk, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one teaspoon baking powder, one-half cup barley flour, one-half cup finely chopped peanuts. Drop by spoonfuls on greased pan and bake in a moderate oven.

PUBLIC IS WARNED Against Taking Substitutes for Nuxated Iron

Physicians Below Say That Ordinary Metallic Iron Preparations Cannot Possibly Give The Same STRENGTH, POWER AND ENDURANCE As Organic Iron Nuxated Iron

United States Judge Atkinson Gives Opinion



Judge G. W. Atkinson

Careful investigation by physicians among druggists and patients has revealed the fact that there are thousands of people taking iron who do not distinguish between organic iron and metallic iron, and that such persons often fail to obtain the vital energy, strength and endurance which they seek, simply because they have taken the wrong form of iron.

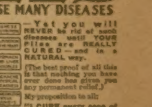
Therefore, physicians mentioned below, and many those who feel the need of a powerful, strength blood builder to go to their druggist by doctors and obtain a prescription calling for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—and present this to their druggist so that there may be no "just as good" about obtaining the proper article. But if they will not wish to go to the trouble of writing a prescription for Nuxated Iron, they must be sure to look on the label and see that the words NUXATED IRON are printed there, and on—not Nux and Iron—which is a cheap form of iron, but Nuxated Iron.

The remarkable results produced by Nuxated Iron and its wide-spread sale is being estimated that over three million people annually are taking using it), has led to the offering of numerous substitutes, and these physicians say that health officials and doctors everywhere should call the public against accepting substitutes in medicine, and especially warn against accepting substitutes for Nuxated Iron, and they also urge that so that the public may be informed on this subject, that Nuxated Iron is the only metallic iron under the delusion that it is Nuxated Iron or at least something as good as Nuxated Iron.

It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not realize it. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to take Nuxated Iron and see how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength and see how much you have gained.

Manufacturers' Note—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists. Unlike the old inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach. One of the most successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

PILES CAUSE MANY DISEASES



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YOUR PROBLEMS OF THE HEART SOLVED HERE

Conducted by Winifred Grey

Have you any love problems to solve? If so, address Winifred Grey in care of the Ledger's Editor. She will answer your queries thru these columns only, not by mail.

Ask Him.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a young girl of 18, in love with a man two years my senior. He went away a short time ago, and I received a letter from him telling me that he loves me, and asking me if I cared for him. He writes the dearest love letters, and since then has been to see me once, as he lives quite a distance from my home. But we never have had a chance to see each other alone. My folks are old-fashioned, and when he asked me to go out car-riding with him, they refused. What puzzles me about him, is this: he never asked me to marry him, and he has taken sick lately and the doctor has said he must go to California for two years. I don't know what to do. I love him. Will you kindly advise?

VALERIE.

If the man has said he loves you, you have a pefect right to know whether or not he intends marrying you some day. Write to him, and ask him. Tell him the truth, and if he does not answer you honestly, it will be best to drop him.

Fickle Girl.

DEAR MISS GREY:

Two years ago I was engaged to a young man and broke off the engagement. He is going to war. Would it be all right to write to him, and invite him to my house, saying that I wish to bid him good-by? Is it improper to ask for the boy's picture? I now have a sweetheart in France, and hear from him as often as can be expected. He seems to love me, but has never asked me to give up other young men. Is it because he trusts me, or because he doesn't care? When he left I promised to wait for him, but now at times it seems I do not care to. Do you really think I ever loved him, or is this because I have not seen him in a long time? Does two years' difference in our ages. Is it too much? On which finger should an engagement ring be worn? I have refused to kiss several of my boy friends when they went away to war. Did I do right?

ENGLISH H.

I don't know what to make of you. It seems that you are very fickle and like attention from many men. Please remember, my dear, that that will take you nowhere. Merely drop a note to your former sweetheart, wishing him God speed. Do not invite him to your house. Your ring should be worn on the third finger of the left hand. Don't ask for a boy's picture unless he is your sweetheart. Six years is not too great a difference in age. No, don't kiss any man, even when he joins the Army, unless he is your sweetheart.

Drop Him.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 15 years old and in love with a boy of 16. He moved away six months ago, and we kept up a correspondence. All at once he stopped writing and he did not even tell me why. I wrote to ask him, and he did not answer. Shall I drop the matter or write once more and ask him what is wrong?

BROKEN-HEARTED SUE.

Drop him, of course. You're not broken-hearted at all. In fact, you're too young to know what love is. Some day, when you meet the right man, this will make you smile.

All Right.

DEAR MISS GREY:

Two years ago I was engaged to a young man, but we quarrelled, and I broke the engagement. He does not live in our town, but I heard he is getting ready to leave for camp. Would it be all right to write to him and invite him to my home? I'd like to say good-by to him.

NO NAME.

If you still love the young man, and you think he still care for you, by all means invite him to your home. Just drop a friendly note telling him that you have heard he is going away, and expressing a wish to see him before he leaves.

Break It Off.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 20 years old and am in love with a girl 17. My folks object to our keeping company, as we are rich and different from her folks, and willing to learn. Should I go away and try to forget, or keep company with her on the sly, as I have been doing for some time? Please advise me.

H. L. B.

Did you ever stop to think that your people may see something in the girl which you, in your blindness and love, cannot see? I think the best thing to do is to give her up and try to forget. Don't keep company with her on the sly.

Explain to Her.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a lad of 17. I have been chumming with a girl nearly a year; I own horses and cattle and most everything a farmer needs. Bought a car. Instead of buying a car I bought Liberty Bonds, which she did not approve of, and it caused trouble. Please inform me what I may do to regain her love.

T. C.

I don't see that there is anything to do. You did perfectly right in buying the bonds instead of a car, and she should be proud that you did so. Go to her and show her this letter. Perhaps it may help you. Tell her what a lot of good these Liberty Bonds you bought are going to do for our boys.

Did You Write?

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 17 years of age, in love with a boy about 18 years old. We have always been together since we were children, but then I moved away, and since then he has moved from him, altho when we were together he acted as tho he cared for me. In what way can I find out if he loves me or not?

LIZZIE.

When you left town did you write to him and tell him where you had moved? If not, write him a friendly note now—not a love letter, mind you—and let him know your whereabouts. Then, if he does not answer, let the matter drop.

He Probably Does.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl 17, and have been going with a boy a year older than myself for two years. We loved each other dearly, but his parents objected to me, and we had to part. He still says he loves me, and has asked me to be good for his sake, and always try to do what is right. Do you think he still loves me? It makes one feel pretty reckless sometimes when she thinks she has loved and lost forever.

DORRIE.

Perhaps you are fretting over something that really doesn't amount to much. Maybe the young man's parents object to his courting you because you are both so young. Why not find out? The boy probably cares a great deal for you, but you must not think that you "have loved and lost" at your age. You are almost too young to know what real love is. Wait a few years, and then see if you still care as much for one another. Don't do anything rash.

The Reason.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I see you are helping others, and I wonder if you can help me. There is a young man with whom I am well acquainted that has a way of staring at me that embarrasses me so I am speechless in his presence. Why is it? And please tell me why a gentleman squeezes a girl's hand.

ANXIOUS.

No doubt the young man you mention is in love with you. A man sometimes does look at a girl steadily if he admires her greatly. Don't be too self-conscious, however, and forget that he is looking at you. Try to act natural. A man usually squeezes a girl's hand because he has a great liking for her.

Fickle Boy.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 19 years old and have been keeping company with a boy one year my junior. About a month ago she invited me to tea, and to my surprise she introduced me to her young widowed stepmother, of about 28. Last week I called again and spent the evening with the mother, the daughter being out and while there I fell in love with her. Please tell me which I should go with, as I like them both.

DICK.

You're a silly, fickle boy. The woman is far too old for you. She is probably only flirting with you. Keep up with the young girl. She will prove a better companion in the end.

About Marrying.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 18 years of age and have been keeping company with a boy three years my senior. His summer he saved me in an accident, and since then we have been very intimate. Lately he asked me to marry him and gave me three weeks in which to think it over. I do not love him, but believe I could learn to do so in time. Please advise me as to whether I should accept his offer or not.

ANXIOUS.

Don't accept his offer until you know definitely whether you love him or not. Tell him how you feel, and explain to him that three weeks is entirely too short a time for you to make up your mind.

Find Out What Is the Matter.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 18, in love with a young man 25. He loves me very much. Every chance I get I go out with him, but we rarely ever speak to find it out, they scold. They dislike him because he is of a different nationality than me, but because we run into trouble once. We cannot stay away from each other. He did everything he could to gain my confidence, but they don't care for him. What shall I do? I am very unhappy.

H. F.

Are you sure that it is only the man's nationality which your parents object to, or is it his character as well? You had better find out before you think about going out with your sweetheart. If I understand your letter rightly, you should marry him and your parents should offer no objections.

About Girl Friends.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I have been away from home for eight months, and since I came back, none of the girls with whom I grew up will speak to me. I am a quiet girl; my mother does not allow me to go out dancing with boys, and their mothers do. What shall I do?

MAG I. L.

Are you quite sure there was no gossip concerning your going away some eight months ago? Try to find out if there was, and prove to your former friends that what they have heard is untrue. Then act friendly towards them, and I am sure they will return to you.

Tell Him the Truth.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I have a friend who is now in France, and since he has been over there he has written me a good many letters, saying that he loves me. Now tho this boy used to come to see me every Sunday when he was home, he never spoke of love or marriage. He has written me and asked me for my picture. He is a nice young man, but I do not care for him as a girl should care for her husband. Shall I continue to write to him, and if I do, what shall I say to him? Do you think he would make him think I love him, when I only like him?

JANE A.

Why not write to your friend and tell him frankly how you feel? Tell him that since he did not say anything about love or marriage when he was at home, that you do not know what to do, and that you will ask him to wait until he returns. You say that you like this young man, and it may be that when he returns you will learn to care enough for him to marry him. Send him your photo, but do not make him believe that it is because you love him. Write the truth, and I am sure he will understand.

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A Mistaken Identity

"LIFE is hard," mourned the girl with the pearl earrings. "I tell you it takes great courage to smile on when all one's best endeavors are blasted in their tender youth."

"Sling the rest of it," cheerfully suggested the young woman who was ordering tea.

"I've noticed," remarked the girl with the pearl earrings, "that people are wonderfully philosophical when it isn't their trouble. An acquaintance of a person enjoying himself by listening to somebody else's wool. That's your chief regret, is that I was so stupid! I can stand anything but that—only he had no business to look the way he did."

"Did you furnish a chart?" queried her hostess.

"Listen!" said the first girl, leaning over the wicker table. "Mrs. Rickle was always talking about her brother, who was so crazy on music and I'd have you know that when a family has as much money as the Rickle family they could be crazy on collecting dinkuns nails and get away with it without difficulty.

"There wasn't a woman at the hotel this summer who could come within a thousand miles of Mrs. Rickle's wardrobe! And she was the real thing, too—sweet and lovely and educated in Paris and she lived in one. Being more than 19 years old, I made a note in my brain this way: Rickle, her brother, possibilities of meeting same time. Fad, music.' You surely couldn't blame me for doing such a little thing as that!"

"You would have been criminally careless if you hadn't done so," replied the girl who had ordered the tea.

"That's the way I looked at it," resumed the girl with the pearl earrings. "My reward came last week when Mrs. Rickle wrote that her brother was passing thru Chicago on his way West and would I let him call upon me? She was anxious that we should meet. He would be here only from one day to the next. I had the piano tuned again, altho it had been done only last month, and I got out all those expensive collections of Brahms and Chopin and Liszt that father bought for me when he was under the impression I was going to give up society for music for the real thing. How I wished, at this crisis, that I had been a good girl and practised! But the supreme looked lovely and intellectual on the piano rack and I laid out all the grand opera records to play upon the phonograph, so that he wouldn't have time to ask me to play the piano. Then I got seats for the Friday afternoon symphony concert.

"As you know that single seats are not to be bought for love or money, you can imagine the agony of spirit I went thru finding two friends with adjoining seats and then begging one of them to give them to me for that day! I was bound to have them if I had to use a sandbag and I thought I'd have to.

"Mr. Rickle arrived at our house for luncheon. He was big and broad shouldered with a square jaw and curiously fascinating, and betrayed his artistic tendencies only by his long fingers. I enlivened luncheon by telling him all about the wreck of our opera season here and making him relate which are his favorite operas and such topics. He seemed reluctant to answer, but I decided that he was modest and shy. Then I announced that I was going to carry him off to the concert and spoke in an offhand way of our season seats. He seemed terribly embarrassed and impressed and he didn't want to trouble me, and all that, but of course, he went.

"Driving down I prattled of Mr. Stock's genius and asked him if the ninth symphony did not move him beyond words and he said it did.

"He was awfully hard to talk to, even tho he was Mrs. Rickle's brother. I cudgeled my brains to find out where his interests lay—I talked Strauss, Chopin, Wagner and DeBussy and pianos and violins, vocal and cellos and I couldn't get a thing out of him.

"If he had not been so good looking and a Rickle I'd have given up in despair. However, I found that doesn't come one's way often, so I gritted my teeth and went on. It was a very classical program and I'm sure he would be charmed. In the middle of the symphony I looked up and saw that he was asleep!

"He cheered up a trifle at tea afterward and when he bade me good-by he said he had enjoyed it all! I knew I had done for him and hoped we would meet again. Then he wandered off with a disconsolate droop to his shoulders while I drove home totally exhausted and my throat aching from my monolog on music in all its forms, variations and expansions. The only time any words not on that subject were used was when Mr. Rickle was ordering tea.

"And the next mail brought a note from Mrs. Rickle saying incidentally that she and Brother Arthur, the musical one, she explained, had just returned from such a delightful trip and wished that I had got on with James, dear boy, who was on his way West to his mines? She added that James cared about nothing on earth but football and engineering and that he was such a trial to her and Arthur because he didn't know one note from another and thought DeBussy was a breakfast food?"

"I understand from your story that," said the hostess, "this James person has concluded you are not his affinity?"

"If the afternoon I gave him hasn't killed him outright!" said the girl with the pearl earrings. "That's why I'm so sad!"

* * *

The Scotch of It.

TWO old Scotsmen sat by the roadside, talking and puffing away mercifully at their pipes.

"There's no muckle pleasure in smokin', Sandy," said Donald.

"How mean ye mak that out?" questioned Sandy.

"Weel," said Donald, "ye see, if ye're smokin' yer pipe ye're aye thinkin' o' the awfu' expense, an' if ye're smokin' some other body's, yer pipe's ramnt sae tight it winna draw."

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Information—The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

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AGENTS—NEW VULCANIZED RUBBER sheet proof, guaranteed waterproof, waterfree shoe. Needs no laundering. Sells in every home, to men and women. Big money for dealers, restaurants, etc. Write for agency and samples. Thomas Apron Co., 4111 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

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FAINER DETHRONES SATAN," FUNNIest seller ever made. 100c. "Atrocities," depicting Borgia brutality, 25c. Agents wanted. Colossal Coin Konzo, Warren, Pa.

YOU CAN MAKE GOOD, DURABLE PAINTS and varnishes. Big profits. Williams Bros. Mfg. Co., Dept. K, Indianapolis, Ind.

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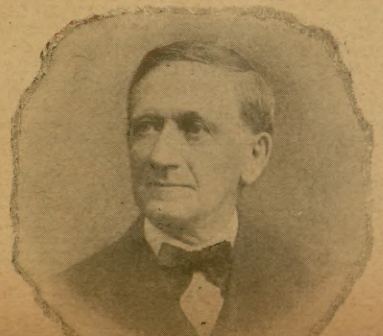
For Many Years We Have Been Telling You That No Truss Will Ever Help You—We Have Told You the Harm That Trusses Are Doing. We Have Told You That the Only Truly Comfortable and Scientific Device for Holding Rupture Is the Brooks Rupture Appliance—and That It Is

Sent on Trial to Prove It

If you have tried most everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon today and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing our Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

We send on trial to prove what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as our hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try our Appliance or not.



The Above Is C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks Cured Himself of Rupture Over 30 Years Ago and Patented the Appliance from His Personal Experience. If Ruptured Write Today to the Brooks Appliance Co., Marshall, Mich.

Soundly Cured

At the Age of 81

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir—

Less than a year ago I sent to you for an appliance which came promptly. I at once put it on and it fitted perfectly. I have worn the appliance most quite 10½ months. It has cured my rupture.

I tried the other day while the appliance was on, to see if I could force anything out of the opening to make a break there but I could not though I tried hard.

Now I think this quite remarkable as I am in my eighty-first year. I am an old veteran of the Civil War, born and raised in the town of New Boston, State of New Hampshire, from which place I enlisted in the 10th N. H. Vol. Infty. in Co. C, commanded by Col. M. T. Donahue.

I cannot feel but that I owe you this testimony, for I had never expected to be cured. However, thanks be to God I found a cure through the valuable appliance you made for me.

Holly Hill, Fla. E. A. Richards.

Cured Without Operation

"Was Sure He Would Be a Cripple"

Ada, Minn.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir—

Enclosed is a picture of my children, and the little man you see seated on the chair is the one who was cured by your Appliance.

He had been ruptured quite a while before we wrote you, and I was sure that he would be a cripple the rest of his life. However, some helping hand showed me an ad. in a newspaper, with the result that he was in perfect health through the wearing of a Brooks Appliance for just three months.

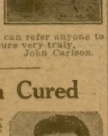
The doctor advised an operation, which I would not consent to. Your advice was to put an Air Cushion Appliance on him, and I must say that it is worth ten times what it cost.

I wish you could have seen him before we used the Appliance and now, when he is fully as sound as anyone could be.

I cannot thank you too much for what you have done for my boy.

Yours respectfully,
OLIVER HANSON.

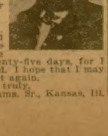
Cured In Four Months



Box 642
Waushara, Wis.
Dear Mr. Brooks:

Four years ago, when my little boy was a year and a half old, he became ruptured while playing. Six months later I went to my doctor and he told me an operation was necessary, as the rupture was bad. About that time I saw your advertisement and promptly got one of your Appliances. The baby wore this for four months and he never knew he had it on. When I took it off he was as sound as a dollar and I can't thank you enough for this wonderful cure. You can refer anyone to me at any time. Yours very truly,
John Carlson.

Veteran Cured



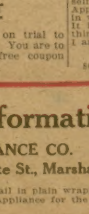
Mr. Wm. McAdams, of Kansas, is a veteran of Co. "H" 59, Regt. Ill. Vol. of which he was Second Lieutenant.

He has fought against the suffering and torment of Rupture for years, and has finally won the victory, as the following brief letter tells:

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir—I laid your appliance aside March 2nd and have not worn it for twenty-five days, for I think that I am cured. I hope that I may never have to wear it again.

Yours truly,
Wm. McAdams, Sr., Kansas, Ill.

Doctor Pronounces Him Cured



119 Towle Avenue,
Mishawaka, Ind.
Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Mr. Brooks—

Answering your letter, will say we need no more Appliances, as our son has been completely cured by wearing your Appliance.

We recently had him examined, and the doctor said the opening was entirely closed and that it wasn't necessary to wear it longer.

Thanking you for your kindness, I am,

Yours very truly,
MRS. H. TOLLMAN.

Remember

We send our Appliance on trial to prove what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send for Brooks Rupture Appliance

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.

2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.

5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.

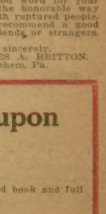
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture and cut, rusting and bruising the flesh.

9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance.

10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is thoroughly established by dealing with [illegible]

Every [illegible] should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Pennsylvania Man Thankful



Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir—Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunate who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers.

I am,

Yours very sincerely,
JAMES A. BRITTON.
80 Spring St., Bethlehem, Pa.

Free Information Coupon

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO.
316 F State St., Marshall, Michigan

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name .....

Address .....

R. F. D. ..... City ..... State .....